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HOUSEKEEPING IN BELGRAVIA.



ABOUT six or seven years ago, a gentleman of considerable fortune, a merchant of Liverpool, paid a visit to London after an absence of many years. He took an open carriage one fine afternoon, and drove with a friend to those quarters which he remembered once fields or gardens, and where magnificent streets and princely squares and terraces are now standing. After exploring the apparently interminable region about Bayswater, they drove to the more fashionable and still newer quarter called South Kensington. Here this gentleman's astonishment was excited, not only by the vast changes

in this locality, but by the style and importance of the dwellings, which proclaimed them to be prepared for the wealthy only.

'The rents of these houses, you tell me,' said he, turning to his friend, 'range from three to seven hundred a year. Now in the north we reckon that a man's rent should not exceed the tenth of his income. If you Londoners are guided by the same rule, what a vast number of people there must be amongst you with good comfortable incomes of from three to five thousand a year!'

His friend smiled, and half shook his head, was about to speak, when his companion resumed—

'People with ten thousand a year are, after all, not numerous: one might almost count them. But where do all the occupiers of these houses come from? Tyburnia alone could swallow up the West End that I remember twenty years ago. But how is this quarter peopled?'

'Perhaps,' rejoined his friend, 'from your part of the world—from Liverpool and Manchester. But don't run away with false ideas of our London wealth. House-rent here is no criterion of a man's means. With you it is comparatively moderate, with us inordinately dear. And people of small or moderate incomes would get no home in London at all if they limited their rent to a tenth of their income. And yet,' continued the Londoner, with something of a sigh, as the rent and cost of his own expensive abode in Tyburnia presented themselves to his thoughts, 'there is no item of our expenditure that we ought to study more, or more determinately keep down than this very one of house-rent, for one's expenses in this luxurious capital are very much regulated by the style of home and quarter one lives in. For instance, the class of servants, that present themselves to you, are more exorbitant in their demands, more luxurious in their habits, if you live in a fashionable neighbourhood, than if you occupy an equally large house elsewhere. Rather than lose a footman who had been with me some years I was obliged to turn him into an under-butler the other day, as

he told me 'the society he was in rendered it impossible for him to remain any longer in livery.'

This anecdote brought the conversation to the subject of household expenditure in London as compared with that of the great northern towns; and the picture drawn by the Londoner of the habits and customs of the great and wealthy in the metropolis caused his friend to exclaim, with thankfulness, 'It was well for him that he had to fight the battle of life elsewhere.'

'Perhaps so,' rejoined his friend; 'but you, too, have your weak points. Whilst you are content with *waitresses*, you spend double on your table. I have seen an alderman's feast prepared for a party of eight, and a lady's request for a few oranges answered by a whole case arriving, &c., &c. And then, again, your wives and daughters are more costly in their dress than—'

'True! True! But we would rather spend our money upon them than upon flunkies.'

Six or seven years have done little to alter the habits of living amongst the upper classes: something, certainly, towards increasing their expense, and a great deal towards improving and embellishing their abodes in town. The ugly, plain brick house, ill-lighted by windows few and small, yet, nevertheless, well-built, and with much substantial comfort about it, is now superseded by a bright, cheerful-looking dwelling, where, if there is less space, there is more light and air; where, though the area it covers be smaller, there is more accommodation; where, if the walls are made thinner and neighbours ignored, the convenience and comfort of all the inmates are more cared for; where, if the rent is higher, the rates are less—where, in short, the attractions and advantages are so obvious that those who are able to consider and follow their inclinations (that class of people usually so prejudiced against the *very new*) have thrown aside this feeling, forsworn old associations, and adopted the new quarters of the town as their own.

Shade of King James! arise and view the scene realized that filled

thy acute and far-seeing eye with dismay. Acres and acres of brick and plaster compass us around; the pleasant country homes of England are despised; their occupants, great and small, brought by our iron roads into contact with the outer world, have had new impressions given, new desires inspired; the calm and quiet, the leisure of country life becomes unendurable, they exclaim, 'Let us away! it is not good for man to live alone'—content to resign their prominence, even their individuality, if they may, though but as a drop to the ocean, swell the ranks of the world not inaptly named after their chief resort, *Belgravia*. Oh railroads! much have ye to answer for. Twenty years hence we may look in vain for the social, kindly, hospitable country life now only to be met with in remote counties, in Cornwall, in Scotland. Already have you made the 'Great Houses' independent of their neighbours. Their fish and their friends come down from town together. And the squire, the small proprietor despairing of husbands for his girls or his rubber for himself, where the doors around are closed nine months in the year, leaves his acres to the care of his bailiff and takes refuge in the nearest watering-place, or yields to his wife's solicitations, and launches also into the cares and troubles of

HOUSEKEEPING IN BELGRAVIA.

How much these three words combine! And yet, have we anything to say about the homes and habits of Belgravia or the upper classes of London society, that people fancy they do not know already? We will leave our reader to settle that question by-and-by, when he has visited their abodes and inspected their *ménage* in our company.

Formerly, when one spoke of oneself as living in the West End, one gave by that single word a general idea of one's locality. In the present day it is necessary to specify the particular quarter—whether Westbournia, Tyburnia, Belgravia, &c., for people now doubt whether the Regent's Park district may be classed under that general head; and

the inhabitants of the regions round about Cavendish and Portman Squares speak modestly of themselves as inhabiting an 'old-fashioned part of the town.' We therefore discard a term which we do not care to define, or run the risk of offending by so doing, and adopt one now generally understood to apply to all who move in a certain sphere of society, whether living on one side of Oxford Street or the other, and derived from that quarter that contains fewer of the workers of life, and offers, perhaps, more gradations of fortune, rank, or fashion than any other. There, may be found the wealthy titled, and the wealthy untitled family; the fashionable without fortune, and the fashionable because of fortune; those who give a prestige to the quarter they live in, and those who derive a prestige from living there. And yet little more than thirty-five years ago Belgrave Square was not. It owes its existence to a builder's speculation, who perceived the want of well-built first-class houses, and probably foresaw the increased demand that would arise from the centralizing influence of railroads. His speculation answered, in spite of the unhealthy reputation of the ground, and a new suburb rapidly arose, provoking the emulation of other builders, who have now nearly succeeded in their intentions of enclosing Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens in a labyrinth of streets and terraces. Small as Paris comparatively is, every one knows that she has distinct quarters, and that each quarter had a character and society of its own. The barriers that divide them are fast being infringed in this imperial reign. And we, who twenty or thirty years ago had less cliqueism than any other capital, are gradually merging into it, simply because the vast growth of the town has scattered one's friends so far and wide that for sociable and friendly visiting people are thrown upon those nearest to them, and take their tone naturally from that with which they are in most frequent communication. Already there is a sort of *esprit de locale* (if we may so express it),

amongst the inhabitants of the new quarters that the old West Ender never dreamed of. He lived in London. He never thought of fighting a battle over the respective merits of Portman or Berkeley Square. Grosvenor Square, in his eyes, was *ne plus ultra*. And if he did not live there himself, it was because he could not afford it; so he took the best house nearest the Park that he could get for his money, and visited around, from a judge in Russell Square to a peer in Piccadilly. 'How do you like your house?' was a question often addressed. 'How do you like this part of the town?' was needless to him. In the present day it is the prelude to warm discussions; and so sensitive are people now to remarks upon their district, so bitter in their objections upon other parts, that it has been proposed more than once that Tyburnia and Belgravia should settle the vexed question of superiority by an appeal to arms—or, in common language, 'Meet and have it out in Hyde Park.' If this feeling increases, in ten years' time each of these vast suburbs will become, as it were, distinct towns, with a character and society of their own.

Those who remain faithful to the dingy-looking streets around Portman and Cavendish Squares pique themselves on their central position, which enables them to enjoy the advantages of every, without identifying themselves with any neighbourhood; and it is in these quarters still that some of the best resident London society may be found—society that lays its claims to this position upon higher grounds than mere rank or fortune, yet not deficient in either, the elements that form it being varied, and brought together from all points. The remark made by a lady lately dining in Princes Gate would never have been uttered there, or in Mayfair. After listening to the conversation that was pretty general for some time, she said to her neighbour—

'I could fancy I was dining in the country, you are so very local in your conversation. I hear of nothing but the state of the roads, of meetings about them, who has

taken this house, and who has bought that.

'Well,' replied her neighbour, 'I suppose we are. I myself hardly visit any one not living in this immediate neighbourhood.'

The question arises, In what does the superiority of one district over another consist? Without entering into the reasons that induce people to prefer one to the other, we may briefly describe them as follows:—Grosvenor Square and its immediate environs as the most aristocratic, Belgravia the most fashionable, Tyburnia the most healthy, Regent's Park the quietest, Marylebone and Mayfair the most central, and Bayswater and Eccleston Square quarters as the most moderate. People's views and means may be guided, in a general manner, by these leading features. The man of small income finds he must locate himself in a region verging upon what in former years one would have called Shepherd's Bush, or in a quarter uncomfortably near Vauxhall and the river; if a family man, solicitous for the health of his children, he decides in favour of the former, where he finds a choice of houses, from 60*l.* a year and upwards to 200*l.*, and the rates moderate.

But, if either he or his wife are linked by ever so small a chain to the world of fashion, he chooses the latter, where, for much the same rent and rates and taxes, he finds an abode with all the modern improvements; extra story, light offices, plate glass windows, portico, white-papered drawing-rooms, &c., and deludes himself into the notion of his being in Belgravia. The man of an ample, though not large fortune has a wider range: he may choose from all parts, for there are houses to suit his purse and his style of living in every quarter; but when his home is London—when he leaves the metropolis only, perhaps, for a three-months' tour abroad, or some sea air at Brighton—he carefully eschews the 'out of the way' quarters, as he terms them; he will go no farther west than Connaught place, scarcely to Hyde Park Square, and no farther south than Grosvenor Place, and so settles finally in May-

fair or Marylebone, choosing the latter for health, the former for fashion, and finding everything else too far from his club 'and the busy haunts of men.' In Great Cumberland Street, one of the pleasantest and most central streets, a good small house may be had for 200*l.* a year, a larger one from 300*l.* to 400*l.*; in Connaught Place, where the advantages of light, air, and an open space in front (Hyde Park), are combined with a central situation, and quiet at the back, from there being no thoroughfare, the smallest house, including rates and taxes, will cost the owner 500*l.* a year, and the larger considerably more. These houses may perhaps be considered dear, for those near the corner of the Edgware Road suffer from the noise and dust of that great line of traffic, and many of the others are ill built. In Seymour, Wimpole, Harley, and Lower Berkeley Street, the average rent of a good-sized, well-built house, with stabling, is 200*l.* a year. In the Regent's Park, in the terraces that so delight the foreigner, there is a choice of charming moderate-sized abodes at rents from 150*l.* to 300*l.* a year. These houses, however, in spite of the advantages they offer of greater light and cleanliness, and the attractions of gardens to look upon, and cheat oneself in summer time into the idea of being in the country, must be considered expensive; as the accommodation they afford is limited, and the terms upon which they are held from the Crown involve more frequent painting and restoration than is elsewhere insisted upon.

Within the last few years a new suburb has arisen, enclosing the once countrified Primrose Hill, and throwing out arms that almost touch Hampstead and Highgate. We will not attempt to decide whether it constitutes part of the West End; it holds much the same position, in that respect, as St. John's Wood; but as the class of people living there hardly come under the head Belgravia, as we define that term, we shall make a long step to the more fashionable neighbourhoods of Mayfair and Park Lane, where a greater choice of houses, in respect

to rent and size, is to be met with than in any other part of London, and where a man of good, although not large fortune may locate himself very desirably; he must, of course, confine himself to the streets, the squares in the older parts of the West End, like Hyde Park Gardens, and the larger houses in Park Lane, Rutland or Princes Gate, facing the Park, being attainable to the wealthy only, ranging from 500*l.* to 1000*l.* a year. There are, it is true, a few smaller and less expensive houses in Berkeley Square; but, as a rule, if a house in a square is desired, and the rent not to exceed 300*l.* per annum, it must be looked for in Hyde Park or Gloucester Squares, and the region beyond Portman and Belgrave Squares. Grosvenor Square and one side of Eaton Square contain first-class houses, family mansions, seldom in the market, and then chiefly for purchase, not hire. There are no two more agreeable or convenient streets in London than Upper Brook and Grosvenor Streets; and although there has been an invasion into them of brass plates, supposed to be fatal to the fashion of a street, the character of the neighbourhood is not likely to fall, but rather to rise again; for the improvements projected and being carried out by the Marquis of Westminster will place Grosvenor Square so far beyond its modern rivals, that the streets in its vicinity will add to their present advantages the prestige of appertaining to it. Not only are extra stories and handsome frontages being added to these princely dwellings, but as the leases fall in, the noble owner sacrifices some of the houses in Lower Grosvenor and Lower Brook Street, to build stabling for the houses in the square. It cannot be doubted, therefore, that when a nobleman can lodge his servants and his horses as well in Grosvenor as in Belgrave Square, he will not hesitate between the two.

A great proportion of London residents, however, do not hire but buy their houses, or rather the leases, paying a ground-rent, which varies, of course, according to situation; and as land becomes more valuable every day, is higher in the

new than in the old quarters of London, except, of course, in business quarters, and in such cases as, for instance, the Portland estate, where many leases having lately fallen in, the duke has doubled, and in some instances trebled, the ground-rent on renewing or granting a new lease, so that a small house on his property was paying 6*ol.* a year ground-rent, and one of the same dimensions in Upper Grosvenor Street only 2*ol.* Generally speaking, the ground-rents of Tyburnia are higher than those of Belgravia; whilst the new houses in South Kensington are higher still. Houses looking into Hyde Park, whether north, south, east, or west, are in much the same ratio, from 7*ol.* to 15*ol.* yearly; those on a large scale even higher: one, for instance, in Princes Gate was lately to be sold at a ground-rent of 20*ol.* per annum; and fast as squares and terraces and gardens spring up (for street is now an old-fashioned word) in this magnificent quarter they are inhabited, furnished, and fitted up handsomely and luxuriously, proving that the owners who have the money to buy, have also the money to live in them; and causing even the old London resident, a being who is never astonished at anything, to inquire with a Lord Dundreary air of surprise, 'Where all these rich fellahs come from?' More than one-half are supplied by the legal profession and the mercantile community. There has been quite a flight of judges and well-to-do barristers to South Kensington—long-sighted men, who saw that it would be a rising neighbourhood, and bought their houses before Fashion had given the approving nod, which instantly ran up the rents to a premium. To this class of men the drawbacks to this neighbourhood are unimportant, the distance from those parts of the town that we may term the heart of West End life, the clubs, the lounges, the libraries, the shops, &c., signify nothing to them engaged in chambers or the counting-house all day. The denizen of South Kensington has no other wish, when his day's work is over, than to get home, and to stay there. The light, the clean-

liness, the airiness, and modern comforts of his house are doubly grateful to him when contrasted with his close business quarters: once in his cab or his carriage, what is a mile more or less to him? He has not the smallest intention of going to his club in the evening; and the theatre he forsook years ago. The ladies of his family find no fault with the situation; but, on the contrary, will not allow a quarter so near Hyde Park, and the fashionable morning walk by Rotten Row, to be termed out of the way. As they drive out every afternoon, they do not care to be in the way of visitors; and as the female mind is not strong upon the matter of distance, they are not troubled by the reflection of how many miles their unfortunate horses are daily doomed to perform. But then, perhaps, their horses are jobbed, and the best plan too; they are therefore often changed and rested. No single pair of horses could stand the amount of work required by a fashionable lady, living in one of the new outlying quarters of the town.

The Belgravian, of course, keeps a carriage of some kind: if rich, more than one, a close one for winter and an open one for summer, and a brougham, perhaps, for dinners and night work. If moderately well off, he is content with a brougham only; or allows his wife horses to her barouche in the season; and, although he rides his own horses, he almost always jobs his carriage horses: if a little more expensive, that plan is so much more convenient, as a man is then never without the use of his carriage, that even those who have time and inclination to look after their own stables generally adopt it; and where the head of the house is too much occupied to look after horses, it is unquestionably the best plan. For ladies living alone the best course is to job the whole concern, horses, carriage, and coachman: there are liverymen who undertake this, and provide a handsome carriage, of the colour desired, with the crest and arms of the hirer, with the proper livery for the coachman, for about 30*ol.* a year. The horses stand at

livery; and a lady is thus sure that they are well cared for, that she will have a sober and civil driver, without any of the trouble and anxiety of looking after him herself.

The usual plan with regard to the carriage in London is to have it built for you, for a term of years, generally five, at a certain annual sum; for which it is kept in repair, furnished with new wheels, relined, varnished, &c. At the end of the term the carriage remains to the builder, unless it is in such a condition as to be done up and used again, when of course a fresh arrangement is entered upon. It is scarcely possible to keep a handsome well-appointed carriage and pair under 300*l.* a year. Before the introduction of broughams, therefore, many people in easy circumstances even, did not attempt to do so, but contented themselves with hiring one occasionally. Now, the one-horse carriage predominates; so much less costly, so light and convenient are the broughams, that not only those who hesitated to have a carriage have adopted them, but many who had already a chariot or coach were glad to drop one horse, and come down to a brougham, when they found it was a reduction that they could effect without loss of that prestige in society so dear to the heart of the Belgravian. And, as these horses are not generally jobbed, the reduction could be effected by those who understood looking after a horse at rather less than half the cost of the pair, the job-master having had, of course, his profit to make. Another advantage of the brougham is that a groom can drive it. It does not necessarily entail that important personage—a middle-aged, sedate-looking coachman—whose dignity would never condescend to drive one horse, and who requires twice the help in the stable for his carriage horses, that the lighter, younger, more active groom does for his master's riding horse and the brougham horse also. Truly the introduction of the brougham has been a blessing to many whose means forbade a carriage otherwise, and whose habits of life and ideas made them consider

one a necessary, not a luxury. The sacrifices some people make to enable them to 'keep their carriage,' savour sometimes of the ridiculous to those who are in the secret of their *ménage*. Plain, substantial Mrs. Blunt, of Devonshire Street, Portland Place, was surprised when Lady Mary Fauxanfier called on her for the character of Jane Bell, her under-housemaid, the girl having informed her she was going to be her 'la'ship's' own maid.

'I assure you, Lady Mary,' she exclaimed, as she looked at the elegant dress of the earl's daughter, and observed the smart, well-appointed brougham that brought her to the house, 'I assure you the girl is not fit for a maid; she has never even dressed me; as to hair-dressing, I should think her incapable of even brushing mine.'

Lady Mary smiled, and said, 'The girl is teachable, I suppose, and, you say, honest and respectable; such important points the latter, I think I shall take her. We are only in town three months of the year, and then—well, good morning.'

And so Jane Bell went to Lady Mary, who had a furnished house for the season in a small street not a hundred miles from Belgrave Square, where her husband's father, Lord Belmontine, had a splendid mansion, and her own papa another; and Mrs. Blunt often wondered, when she saw Lady Mary's name at the great parties of the season, how poor Jane Bell managed to attire her elegant form, arrange her ladyship's head, and so forth. She was not surprised when the said Jane made her appearance one day in August, and said she was looking for a place again.

'Ah, Jane! I thought it would be so; I thought you could not play lady's maid very long. How could you take a place for which you were so unfitted?'

'Unfitted, indeed, ma'am; but not as you suppose. Why, I was nothing but a general servant. I and the groom—and he was out all day with the horse and carriage—were the only servants they kept. I did all the work of the house, except what an old charwoman did for

an hour or two in the morning. I fastened her la'ship's *gowns*, to be sure; in short, ma'am, I was maid, and housemaid, and cook, too, sometimes.'

'I was just going to ask,' said Mrs. Blunt, 'what they did for a cook.'

'Well, ma'am, they seldom or ever dined at home; always going to some grand place or t'other, and if by chance they had no dinner party, master, he went down to his club, and I cooked a chop for her la'ship with her tea.'

Such was the town establishment and town life of this well-born pair, who lived the rest of the nine months of the year with their relations and their friends, spending more than half their income on the small furnished house, at ten or fifteen guineas a week, and on their brougham; sacrificing for the three months' London season the independence of the rest of their year, being in the position of always receiving and never giving. Few of their London acquaintance suspected that the neat-looking girl who opened the door when the MAN was out, was Lady Mary's sole female attendant; and those who did know it, doubtless thought it strange that, with the limited means such an arrangement bespoke, they could contrive to keep up the appearance they did. For our part, we are not sure, if the choice lay between spending one's money upon half a dozen servants, or upon one's self, we should not prefer the latter too; but then it must not be at the sacrifice of one's independence. There are certain people to whom a carriage in London is as much a matter of necessity as their dinner. The younger children, perhaps, of wealthy or noble families, they have been accustomed to the use of one all their lives; and, whilst it would be no hardship to dine upon one course only, and that of the plainest, it would be so to have to pay their visits or do their shopping on foot. These people are really not so inconsistent as they would seem; still, it must be allowed, that it is a mistake to adopt any habit of life that implies means above the actual state of the case. You lay yourself open by so doing

to have things expected from you that you have no means of meeting; and often, therefore, incur the charge of being mean and stingy, when unable to comply with such claims. You place yourself also in a false position to your own servants, who, naturally associating certain luxuries with the idea of wealth, misunderstand the economy of the other household arrangements, think ill—and very likely speak ill—of you; for, if servants and masters are to go on well together, there should be a certain degree of confidence between both parties. If a servant is worth having and keeping, he should not be treated as a mere paid machine, but should have a general idea at least of his master's position, when he will feel an interest in, and in time will associate himself with the family he serves, and work with his heart as well as with his head.

But to return to our Belgravians. There are those struggling to keep up an appearance to which birth, &c., entitles them; and those struggling to attain an appearance to which nothing entitles them, if the adequate means are not theirs. With some of these, the possession of a carriage is the great thing; with others a man servant is the acmé of respectability, and (indeed they are to be pardoned for this last idea; for many highly estimable, worthy, substantial, good sort of people, do not deem you respectable, if you do not keep a man servant) others limit their views to a page, or 'buttons'; few have the moral courage to keep to the good, clean, useful, waiting-maid, who waits without noise, and does not break a tumbler a day, as most 'buttons' must do, since no family who keeps one ever has tumblers enough, although their number is constantly made up.

Some of these strugglers live nine months of the year in London, by letting their house well for the other three. Ten and fifteen guineas a week are easily got for small but well-furnished houses in the immediate neighbourhood of Belgrave Square.

House letting has of late years become so common, the peer even condescending to receive his thou-

and or twelve hundred guineas for the season, that people now don't take the trouble that the Honourable Mrs. A. B. always does of telling you, in answer to your inquiries about her movements, when she leaves town, &c.

'Oh, soon, I hope; I'm longing to be off. I always do, you know, the moment the sun begins to shine. I can't stay in London in hot weather.'

The truth being that she remains on until the house is let for the season; when she takes her six children off to some cheap sea-side lodgings, whilst the Honourable A. B., her husband, wanders about from one friend to another, preferring anything to the early dinner and cooking of the lodging-house. His exemplary wife does not murmur at this; she is rather relieved at his absence, and better endures the three months' discomfort without him than with him. She is glad, in spite of the hot weather, however, to return to London at the end of August; but it is quite unnecessary to tell everybody, as she does, that 'she always prefers London at this season, when everybody is away.' This assertion is needless; because every one knows that her house is empty again, and that that is the reason London sees her again.

Numbers of families, like the A.B.s, cover their rent by letting in the season. Many reduce their rent, when they have a country house also, by letting the London house through the winter. Houses that let from three to five hundred guineas for the season, may be had during the winter at from eight to twelve guineas a week.

Many families coming up to London for the season hire not only their house, but their whole establishment, horses, carriages, coachman, and all. Many, even among the residents, take an additional servant for the season. Some so contrive it that they manage always to quarrel with their footman, and discharge him at the end of the season—a shabby plan, which brings its own punishment, as these people never have a good servant, and, when their practice becomes known, have

no chance of ever procuring one. 'Alas!' exclaims our reader perhaps, 'a good servant! where is such a thing to be found in the present day by any one?'

'Ah, indeed!' rejoins Mrs. Oldview; 'railroads and penny posts have ruined one's servants. In my young days, if Betty behaved ill, I told her my mind, and she had a good cry, and mended her ways. She knew well enough then, if the Squire discharged her, she might sing for a place; but now Miss Betty writes to her mother or sister, who tell her not to mind; that there are plenty of places in town, and off she goes, as pert as may be.'

Mrs. Oldview is right; this easy communication, passive or active, has the effect of unsettling many a household. You have a treasure of a cook, perhaps, and, enchanted, fill your house at Christmas, easy about your *entrées*, humbly proud of your sweets. Well; your intimate friend's lady's maid tells her 'her talents are wasted on the desert hair,' and mentions a situation that is exactly suited to her, in the metropolis, and she leaves you, without a pang, by the parliamentary train. But we are not now about to bewail the housekeeping troubles of Belgravia out of town; they are in most respects greater than in London; but, as far as men servants are concerned, people are better off in the country than in London. The men there, as a class, are far more respectable and better behaved. If steadily disposed too, they have more chance of remaining so, as they are not exposed to the great temptations that beset the man servant in town. The clubs, the betting men, the bad example, sometimes, of their young masters, the bad society and temptations to drink they are constantly exposed to, when waiting by the hour for their mistress at some fashionable party; all these evil influences surround the young man, without perhaps a single good one to counteract them—without a friend or mother near, to warn, at a time of life when the passions are strongest, and principles weakest, and when, from every necessary creature comfort being provided, means

are given for indulgences, and habits are acquired, which the same man in any other position, toiling for daily bread, would not dream of.

We do not know how it is that even the best masters and mistresses, those who *do* take an individual interest in their servants, seem to maintain a strict reserve towards their footmen: the very servant that most needs a special surveillance and interest has none of it. They know the family history, perhaps, of every maid in the house. They can talk to the butler, and be interested in *his* private affairs; but the unfortunate footmen may come and go, and, as long as they are honest and clean, and do their work well, no questions are asked, no information is wanted; and John or William leaves at the end of his two years (and we think really he is right to do so), and no one is surprised: he was not expected to become attached to the family, and the family have not become attached to him. He signs a receipt for his wages, and says good-bye, without a shade of feeling being aroused upstairs, whatever there may be below. The departure of a kitchen-maid would cause more excitement, whilst that of a nurse or lady's-maid creates a disturbance, and makes a blank in the family almost as great as the absence of a relative.

And, indeed, good servants in these capacities are often as much and deservedly cherished as if really part of the family; and there are many good ones to be met with, in spite of the outcry of the day. If a lady is worth anything as a mistress at all, she does not change her nurse or maid often. These two servants will stay for years in a place where the cooks and house-maids are perpetually being changed, proving how great is the personal influence, the constant communication with a superior, educated mind. The nurse, perhaps, may be retained by the tie of strong affection to the children, but the maid will not stay, unless the mistress she serves has those qualities that make her respected and loved. When we see a lady perpetually changing her *own* maid, we are convinced the

fault is *all* her own. With her other servants, other influences work; with her personal attendants, her own is paramount. Women-servants in London—if we except the cooks, of whom we are afraid we cannot speak so highly—are as respectable and hard-working a class of people as can be met with. For every worthless, ungrateful one, we feel satisfied we could produce two, capable of acts of devotion to their employers that their superiors in station would not dream of. Early isolated from their own families, the loving heart of woman often finds a vent for those affections which her own kindred should claim, in the family of her master and mistress. Their sorrows become her sorrows; their prosperity or adversity is hers also. She will excuse when the world condemns, and oftentimes becomes the best comforter in the hour of trial, and she will rejoice, without a shade of envy or jealousy, when fortune smiles on those whom *she* might deem already blessed enough. We have known the hard-earned savings of a female servant tendered, without thought of self, to her master's young son in his first trouble, or to her perhaps ill-treated mistress. Then what shall we say of the nurse? Who can contemplate the unselfish devotion of these women to their duties; their renunciation of all liberty and pleasure for themselves; their watchfulness, their self-denial, that their shillings and sixpences may buy a toy for this one, a ribbon for the other, and not be struck with admiration?

We have in our mind one, whose dying hours were embittered by the dread that the loved children might not be well cared for when she was gone. Her mistress, thinking she might like to see their young faces once more, offered to bring them. 'Oh! no,' she exclaimed; 'I could not part again. Let me not see them. Let me not hear their voices.' Oh! deep, pure love! How can we, how ought we, to run down, as a body, those amongst whom such characters are found? No, we will not. The material is good, and, as far as women-servants

in London are concerned, we are certain a good mistress will make a good servant. The cooks we have excepted. We are sorry to say that their habits are bad after a certain age. Most of them drink, and few stand the temptation of making out of their place. They have much in their power—much they can legitimately dispose of. If they would but stop there, how delightful it would be! Their wages are high, too; so they have no excuse; but the fact is, that servants' code of morals, with regard to what they think they may honestly do, wants a complete revision, or, rather, a re-making. They have chosen to lay down for themselves rules for the disposal of certain portions of their master's property, without ever consulting the lawful owner, and choose to consider any departure from those rules as a breach of privilege. 'There,' said a gentleman, one day, to his father's butler—'there is a pair of boots for you.'

'Thank you, sir,' replied the man; 'but they belong to the footman.'

'Do they?' returned the gentleman. 'I thought they belonged to me. Put them down again.' And neither footman nor butler ever got boots from that gentleman again.

People of late years have very properly made a stand against the cook's 'perquisites.' Ladies have determined to dispose of their left-off clothes as they pleased, and gentlemen to pay their own bills; and servants will be better and happier when they consider as gifts what they have before looked upon as 'rights.' The scale of wages in the present day is high enough to place them above these considerations in Belgravia, at any rate.

To begin with female servants. Kitchenmaids and under housemaids begin at 10*l.* a year, and get on to 12*l.* and 14*l.* Upper housemaids have 16*l.* a year, and in great houses are found, as the expression is, in tea and sugar, besides beer and washing, which are given to all servants. A plain cook in a small family, who does some housework, gets from 18*l.* to 25*l.* a year; whilst a cook and housekeeper, or cook, with one or two kitchenmaids under

her, receives from 30*l.* to 40*l.* yearly. This high rate of payment places what is called a good cook out of many people's reach; consequently those who can only afford what is called a plain cook, and think the dinner they eat themselves every day, not good enough to invite their friends to, resort to the expedient of having one sent in by a Gunter or a Bridgeman if they can manage it, or an inferior purveyor if not. The present fashion of a dinner 'à la Russe' has been a great relief to some other housekeepers. Their peace of mind is not disturbed if the jelly does fall, because it will not appear on the table; and if the capon is not well larded, who, they think, will detect the failure in the delicate slice doled out to them. They regret, it is true, the corner-dishes and *épergne* it cost so much to obtain, ill replaced by a few cut-glass dishes and pots of flowers; but then the saving of being able to employ their own cook is a consolation to them, although often none to their friends.

The wages of ladies' maids and nurses are much the same, from 18*l.* to 25*l.* a year; whilst a young lady's attendant has 16*l.* a year, and nurse-maids from 8*l.* to 14*l.*

The page, or 'buttons,' begins with a wage of 8*l.* and his clothes; a footman from 20*l.* to 28*l.*, with two suits, and sometimes three suits of livery in the year, and so many hats, and so many pairs of white silk hose in 'my lord's' house, and so many pairs of black in Sir John's, and so much for powder, and so much for gloves, and everything else, these high, important, and now difficult-to-be-got servants can bargain for. The 19th century considers livery a badge of servitude, or 'Punch,' with his 'Jeames of Buckley Square,' has made it ridiculous, or—but it matters little for what reasons, but a man for livery is scarcer than he was, and one of height and figure may command his price, and be almost as impertinent as he pleases.

'Pray, sir,' inquired one of these individuals when he was being hired—'pray, who is to carry coals up to the drawing-room?'

'Well,' replied the gentleman, 'I hardly know; but I don't think I do it myself.'

These servants hardly ever stay more than two years in their places. It seems to be an understood thing amongst them that they are to go at the end of the time, even if they cannot get the same advantages elsewhere; and many people are so accustomed to this biennial movement of their footmen, that they look with suspicion on the man that prolongs his stay, and imagine there must be some, not good, but bad reason for his not going.

In what are called single-handed places it is still more difficult to get the man to wear livery, and many families are obliged to put up with a short, ill-looking man when, from having a carriage, it becomes necessary that the man should be in livery. A man's height is not a mere matter of fancy. It is an inconvenience if the man cannot hasp the windows without a stool, and if his arms are too short to carry the tray, or put it properly on the sideboard; but, as the strong, well-made men are now off to the railroads, there is no help for it. The single-handed man likes to be out of livery, and to consider himself on the level of a butler; but he is, generally speaking, a much more humble-minded and useful individual than he whom he aspires to compete with. We can easily believe the lady of rank who declared to a friend one day that she had been better served when she only had one man and a boy than she was then, with five men in the house. She knocked at her own door one Sunday morning, unexpectedly, when they all thought she was gone to church, and had to wait more than half an hour before she was finally let in by the under housemaid! The butler was at home, but far too grand to open the door. John, who was also at home, left it to James, who was out, and so on. So, out of the five, not one was at hand. The strictness practised in some great houses, where the establishment is large, seems justified by such instances as this. No order

could probably be kept if any fault was passed over.

A lady, hiring a housemaid, asked her why she left her last place. 'I was discharged,' she replied, 'because the fire went out.' This was found to be true. She had lighted the fire, but not attended to it well; it went out. The lady complained, and the housekeeper gave her warning, as it had happened once before. No doubt the lesson was not lost on the other housemaids.

If the footman leaves his place every two years, the butler's aim, when once comfortably installed, is to stay. The longer he remains in a family, the more important he becomes, or fancies he becomes, and the less, generally speaking, he contrives to do. How often have we seen this high and mighty functionary at a dinner-party limiting his duties to the handing round the champagne, or putting the claret on the table. Dickens has drawn an amusing picture of the man over-awed by his awful butler; and really it is astonishing how these individuals impose upon themselves, if they do not upon others, the idea of their vast importance, and of what, as they consider, is due to themselves.

A gentleman who was in want of a butler stopped to speak to one who came after the place on his way out to his carriage. 'Sir,' said the man, with an air of great dignity, after a few questions had been asked, 'save yourself needless discussion: your situation will not suit me, for I am not accustomed to be spoke to in the 'all.' The London butler endeavours to impress upon his master that it is inconsistent with the position of a butler to ask leave to go out. Their morning walk and their evening visit to a friend, or the club, are sources of quarrel between many a master and man. Few masters would deny a man reasonable air and exercise, but all who study their own comfort should fight against any special hour being appropriated by the servant for his outing. His time belongs to his master, and ought to be subservient to his, to say nothing of the danger of a butler, who has

so much in his charge, making a practice of being absent at a stated time, and thus giving the opportunity, so soon taken, for many a serious plate robbery.

A very well-known nobleman, it is said, was told the other day by a servant who was leaving him, that the reason was, 'His lordship's hours did not suit with his: they were so very uncertain that he found he could not get any regular time to himself!'

Butlers' wages are inordinately high, and their habits self-indulgent. The rich parvenus, the cotton lords, and great contractors, who do not mind what they pay to secure a man whom they think will, by his *savoir faire*, make their table outvie my lord's, have to answer for the preposterous demands of some of these men.

A gentleman (and we think he ought to be ashamed of himself), who gave his butler 100*l.* a year, was rather astonished when a man he had decided to engage stepped back and said there was one question he had forgotten to ask, which was, 'What wine, besides port and sherry, he allowed.'

In quiet and regular families, where a butler and footman are kept for instance, we need not say that no wine of any description is allowed; but in the homes of many noblemen, where the upper servants are very responsible, and have many under them, they have the habits and indulgences of their masters. In a certain earl's house, who died a few years ago, and was one of England's wealthiest noblemen, the table of the upper servants—the house-steward, housekeeper, butler, countess's maid, &c.—was as luxurious as their master's. Four corner dishes and four sweets were put down every day before these fortunate individuals, whilst they were waited upon by a man out of livery.

In many a nobleman's home, it is true that there is greater simplicity and economy in the household arrangements than in many a commoner's; but still the habits and dress of great people's servants, on the whole, are very much out of

keeping with their position, and unfortunate for themselves, as they acquire extravagant ideas, that prevent many saving for the rainy day. We must also deprecate the system of two tables: servants are but servants; and this separation at meals does not promote good fellowship, and makes them troublesome visitors, where there is but one.

When the Cornish squire, with a pedigree four times as old as his noble guest, was asked by the latter, 'What his valet *could do*, as he found that the squire had no second table for his servants?' he replied, 'He really did not know, unless his lordship preferred that the man should dine with them,' an alternative which settled the question.

The days are gone by when servants were looked upon as paid machines, and their food and lodging indifferently cared for; but from one extreme we are running into another; and when the enthusiastic nursemaid described her master and mistress, a wealthy stockbroker at Blackheath, as the 'best people she had ever known,' she founded that opinion on the fact 'that their servants' comfort was their constant care.' She, like many others of her class, did not stop to consider anything else, or whether Mr. and Mrs. Scrip were wise or kind to provide a table and mode of living for servants which they could not find in many other places. No; if she had been questioned, she would tell you she never meant to take a place where she could not have what she had at the Scrips'. *She* wouldn't go to mean people like the Hon. Mrs. Bragg, who only allowed her servants a pudding on Sundays, 'not for all the gold of all the Ingies,' &c., &c. In this way a class of servants soon spring up, of extravagant pretensions; and a class of people like the Scrips, who, with more money than wit, pique themselves on the peculiar advantages *their* servants enjoy, foster in them habits of self-indulgence and idleness, to which those in whom the intellect is little cultivated are ever prone. Servants are, after all, very like children: over-indulgence spoils them; and if

we would make them good and useful members of our household, we must train them with all kindness, but in wholesome fear. We want them to think of *us*, to study *our* comfort; and not, as we now perpetually see, to become in reality the first people in the house: their hours so important, their work so defined, that a master or mistress dare not venture to disarrange one of their meals, or ask any servant to do anything not precisely stipulated for, without encountering black looks, or, 'If you please, ma'am, to suit yourself this day month.'

But, as we have said before, the *matériel* is good, as far as women servants are concerned, and therefore the remedy is in the hands of the masters. Men servants are, doubtless, more difficult to manage; but we think here something may be done too. People are too apt to expect from their 'men' what is impossible in the nineteenth century, the life of a hermit in the midst of society. He is to have no friends, no family, no failings of any kind; music is discouraged, conversation in the kitchen strictly forbidden, his newspaper is half objected to, and his bird, or his two or three plants outside the pantry window sometimes considered a liberty. No; plate-cleaning should be his relaxation, folding his napkins his sole delight. Can one wonder that the devilled kidney for breakfast is a treat, and the buttered toast at tea a consolation to these forlorn creatures, who naturally become selfish and self-indulgent from having nobody to think about but themselves?

Why should people object so much to their men-servants being married? Most of them are; and half of them go into their places with a lie on their lips, vowing they are single. They can't help themselves; they might starve, if they spoke the truth, and those dear to them also.

Mrs. L. S. D. is so glad her son is going to be married, because marriage always steadies a man, and 'dear Augustus has perhaps been just a little wild;' but she won't have a married man-servant on any account, 'because, then, you know,

I should have his family living out of this house too?'

Not if the man is honest, dear Mrs. L. S. D.; and if he is not honest he will pilfer or purloin all the same, whether he has a wife or no: for if he has not, perhaps there is something worse, for men-servants, dear lady, are no better than their betters in *les affaires de cœur*. If dear Augustus is steadier and better for being married, so, I assure you, is honest John, and more content to stay at home and save his money, and do his duty, if he is a man at all, for having ties and claims upon him that he is not ashamed to own, than when he was a single man, tempted out to the servants' club at the public-house round the corner, where he lost his money at cards, and made a book for the Derby, and sometimes got himself in such straits for money, that he just borrowed a few spoons and forks for a time, only a very short time, to help him on until he could get clear again,—which time sometimes never came at all, but ended in ruin to himself and serious loss to his master. Let masters and mistresses weigh well this truth, that their servants have the same passions, affections, and feelings as themselves; let them keep them well in their places, strict to their duties, and endeavour to influence them by the same motives they would employ for the guidance of their own flesh and blood, and they may then perhaps find the key to many a domestic difficulty.

Next to the troubles with one's servants come the troubles of one's tradespeople; but these are more easily overcome, for London is so large, so well supplied, and competition so great, that if discontented with A. you have only to go to B., and from B. to C. until you are satisfied. All this, provided you are master in your own house: if your cook or housekeeper reigns, you may find that, spite of all you say and do, you return to A., or that difficulties insurmountable prevent your dealing with M. if your servant has settled to employ N. The fact is, your custom is large, and the tradesman makes it worth the while of

your cook to have him retained. Of course in the end, it is you who pay the Christmas gratuity, or the odd pence which the butler, who pays your bills, always gets, and which amount to a pretty handsome sum at the end of the year. It is only the credit, or first-class tradesmen, as they call themselves, who can afford these retaining fees, and they do it by putting a higher price on their goods, which are often not so good as those of the man who sells cheaper next door, and who, having a ready-money custom and quick sale, has seldom a stale or depreciated article on hand.

All this, however, is now well understood by Belgravians; and those who care to study economy pay their own bills, and choose their own tradespeople. It is no longer received as an axiom, that the dearer you pay the better you are served.

The best fishmonger in the neighbourhood of Belgrave and Eaton Squares was Charles, who has made a fortune, left the business to his son, and become a landed proprietor, by selling good fish at moderate prices. To many families he supplied fish every day, or two or three

times a week, at sixpence a head; a family of eight, therefore, had an ample dish of fish for 4s., whilst two people were supplied for one shilling. At the close of the day his surplus stock was sold off at reduced prices to anybody who chose to fetch it away. His customers, therefore, were sure of always having fresh fish. We wish the greengrocers would adopt a similar plan, and sell off their stale greens, &c., at the end of the day. Still, how much less have we to complain of here than in former years: railroads and steam bring to this mighty mart of men all that is fit for food, and 'good and pleasant to the eyes' also. Our grapes and plums come to us with the bloom on, spring vegetables arrive steeped in the morning dew, countries vie with each other in sending us their best products; in short, let a man travel where he will—to the east for his ease, or the south for his pleasure—if he have but Fortunatus' purse he will find there is no place in the wide world where he can make life more truly comfortable and enjoyable than when he is keeping house in Belgravia.



THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.

'Noble she is by birth, made good by virtue;
Exceeding fair, and her behaviour to it
Is like a singular musician
To a sweet instrument.'—CHAPMAN.

O! joy is in the sunny hours,
When gracious spring has birth,
To sanctify the flush of flowers,
That clothes our mother earth.
Soft winds rejoice in frolic play
To breathe Ausonian airs,
And streams go dancing on their way
Like life without its cares.

Gaily the jocund spirits dance,
As light leaves on the tree;
On such a day, fair Queen of France,
'Tis sweet to gaze on thee.
'Twould seem by some especial grace,
Or merry mood benign,
Thou camest, like the fabled race,
Half-earthly, half-divine!

We try to cheat life's weary hours
By lays the poet sings,
As children gather wayside flowers,
And search for fairy rings;
On fancy's wings essay to soar
Beyond earth's chill domain;
Stern Reason meets us at the door,
And drives us back again.

The worldly think Earth's highest prize
Fate hath assigned to thee;
But tears have welled from those soft eyes
When none were nigh to see.
Peace dwelleth in the 'mean' estate,
The wise man sang of old;
Chains have been forged of heavy weight,
Whose links were virgin gold.

Uneasy lies the fairest head,
On earth, that wears a crown;
So hast thou cast thy regal robe
And stately trappings down;
Rejoicing for a little space
To breathe life's common air,
To sport with Nature face to face,
And 'bless her unaware!'

The crowning gifts of many a race
Would seem to blend in thee;
Brave Saxon truth, gay Gallic grace,
And Spain's high courtesy:
Thy soul owns yet the richer dower
That well befits a throne;
Wide sympathy's electric power,
That makes all hearts its own!



THE LIVING STREAM, AT LONDON BRIDGE.—ON THE BRIDGE.

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THE LIVING STREAM AT LONDON BRIDGE.

HOW EVER *did* they live in London when there was only one bridge over the Thames? Imagine a Westminster waggon, having to go to Lambeth, being obliged to make a detour by way of London Bridge! Or, imagine the Archbishop of Canterbury going from court, or from Westminster Abbey, or from the House of Lords, to his archiepiscopal residence in Lambeth Palace, and having no other road for his carriage than that said bridge! Did he really take such a roundabout route, or did he employ a large, flat barge to bear his carriage and horses across the stream? Let antiquaries answer this query. At all events, London did somehow manage with only one bridge for a period considerably over seven hundred years—rather a long time in the history of a city.

Just about the year 1000 A.D. the metropolis saw its first bridge. In 993 that mischievous fellow, Olaf or Olave, the 'hardy Norseman,' sailed right up to Staines with his fleet, working pretty havoc as he went; so that there could have been no bridge at that time. On the other hand, in 1008, there was a 'Battle of London Bridge' between the Saxons and Danes, in which the one party pulled the slight wooden bridge about the ears of the other. We will therefore guess that the river was first bridged somewhere about the year 1000. As to the first *stone* bridge, one of the priors of (St. Mary Overy told the following pretty story:—

'A ferry being kept in the place where near the bridge is builded, at length the ferryman and his wife deceasing, left the same ferry to their only daughter, a maiden named Mary, which, with the goods left her by her parents, as also with the profits arising of the said ferry, builded an House of Sisters in place where now standeth the east part of St. Mary Overy's Church, above the quire, where she was buried, unto which house she gave the oversight and profits of the ferry. But afterwards, the said House of Sisters being converted into a college of priests, the priests builded the bridge of timber, as all other the great bridges of this land were, and from time to

time kept the same in good reparation; till at length, considering the great charges which were disposed in the repairing the same, there was, by the aid of citizens and others, a bridge builded with stone.'

Dr. Dryasdust has picked some holes in this story; but that is always his way. Very likely he would quarrel also with the popular tradition that 'St. Mary Overy' is derived from 'St. Mary o' the ferry;' and that 'Tooley Street' owed its origin to 'St. Olave Street.'

What a living stream has been witnessed at London Bridge! What an array of kings, queens, usurpers, traitors, merchant-princes, traders, shopkeepers, apprentices, and scamps have passed over and under it! People say that the stones of the old bridge, pulled down about thirty years ago, were used to build or rebuild Ingress Hall near Greenwich; and that the tough pieces of iron which held the stones together were made into razors and pen-knives as mementos. We know not how this may be; but if the old stones could speak, they might tell of many an exciting scene at the old bridge. There was the high wind of 1091, which, combining with an unusually high tide, knocked down a great part of the structure, together with numerous houses and churches along the banks of the river. There was the fire of 1136, which burnt the bridge (a wooden one) to ashes, and set the bridge-builders to work again. There was, towards the end of the same century, that sport on the Thames which was called *water-quintain*, and at which the people on the bridge looked and laughed heartily. Fitzstephen, the Dryasdust of those days, thus spoke of this sport:—

'In Easter holidays they fight battles on the water. A shield is hanged on a pole, fixed in the midst of the stream; a boat is prepared without oars, to be carried by violence of the water; and in the fore part thereof standeth a young man, ready to give charge upon the shield with his lance. If so be he break his lance against the shield, and doth not fall, he is thought

to have performed a worthy deed. If so be, without breaking his lance, he runneth strongly against the shield, down he falleth into the water, for the boat is violently forced with the tide; but on each side of the shield side are two boats, provided with two young men, which recover him that falleth as soon as they may. Upon the bridge, wharfs, and houses by the river side, stand great numbers to see and laugh thereat.'

The living stream assumed very different forms at different times. We may be sure that the citizens and the Southwarkers mustered strongly in 1209, when the first stone bridge was opened in state; and we can understand the origin of the popular tradition, that 'London Bridge was built upon woolpacks,' when we find that the cost of the bridge was defrayed by a tax upon wool. That must have been a dreadful affair in 1212, when the houses on the bridge (for it was fringed with houses and shops on both sides) caught fire near both shores at once, during some festivity which had drawn a large multitude; and, burning towards the centre, occasioned the deaths of three thousand poor creatures by burning and drowning. Queen Eleanor of Provence, in 1263, found out the materials of which a London populace is made; for they hooted and molested, and barred the passage across the bridge, of the hated consort of Henry III. Then, in 1281, the inhabitants were scared by the carrying away of five arches of the bridge during an ice-swell, nearly destroying the beautiful chapel of Thomas à Becket that stood on the bridge. Among the London Bridge sights of the next century was the exhibition of Sir William Wallace's head on the bridge; and the daring passage of Wat Tyler across the bridge, in pursuance of that plan which every English schoolboy knows something about; and the knightly combat between the Earl of Crauford and Lord Wells, to determine whether Scotland or England should bear off the palm for bravery; and the two gorgeous processions of Richard II. over the bridge, first with his Queen Anne, and then with his second

Queen Isabel. The living stream was not less exciting and momentous in the fifteenth century; for old chroniclers tell us that the head of the Earl of Northumberland, father of the famous Hotspur, was exposed to a crowd of spectators on London Bridge in 1408; that Henry V. passed in triumph over the bridge in 1415, after his victory at Agincourt; that in 1422 the funeral procession of the same monarch crossed the bridge; that in 1428 the Duke of Norfolk nearly perished in crossing the Thames near the bridge, by the formidable rush of water there at certain states of the tide; that the young Henry VI. made his triumphal entry into London over the bridge; that about the same time Jack Cade crossed sword in hand, and afterwards fought a sanguinary battle on the bridge itself; that in 1441, Eleanor Cobham, Duchess of Gloucester, did penance on London Bridge for sorcery; that in 1445 Margaret of Anjou, the 'she-wolf,' as the people afterwards ungallantly called her, crossed the bridge in splendid array, on her entry into London to be married to Henry VI.; that in 1453, Lord Mayor Norman introduced the custom of having a water-pageant from London Bridge to Westminster on Lord Mayor's day—a pageant which many persons have been sorry to see quite pass away; and that the dashing Faulconbridge crossed the bridge with his Kentish men in 1471, to deliver Henry VI. from the Tower. Katherine of Arragon crossed the bridge in much pomp, when she came to make her unfortunate matrimonial alliance in England; and Wolsey crossed it in still more gorgeous array, when starting on his embassy to France; and Wyatt crossed it, when engaged in his mad rebellion; and Charles II. crossed it in great triumph, on his return to England after the Restoration. We may be fully certain that the old bridge had what might now be called 'an overflowing audience' on such-like occasions. Thence to gaze on the trunkless heads of distinguished persons—Bishop Fisher, Sir Thomas More, the chief regicides, &c.—was a sure thing on the

part of the country people as they entered London over the bridge; for the heads were stuck upon pikes on the top of the gates and houses on the bridge. We may take warrant that a goodly number assembled to see the opening of Peter Morris's ingenious Water Works by the side of the bridge in 1582, seeing that by those works a great part of London was supplied with water.

Poor old bridge! It was greatly damaged, and many of its houses burnt, in 1633; still more so by the Great Fire of 1666; and still more in 1727, when no less than seventy of its houses were destroyed. These houses were rebuilt over and over again; and before the days when houses were numbered, every one had its sign, creaking on uneasy hinges over head. We know for certain that the houses on the bridge comprised a 'Blue Boar,' 'Three Bibles,' 'Angel,' 'Looking Glass,' 'Black Boy,' 'Golden Globe,' 'Bible and Star,' 'Anchor and Crown,' 'Roebuck,' 'Breeches and Glove,' 'Lamb and Breeches,' 'Lock of Hair,' 'Lion,' 'Sugar Loaf,' 'Bear,' and 'White Lion'—according to the trades carried on in the shops. But all were doomed gradually to pass away—the houses and shops in 1757; the gate at the Southwark end of the bridge in 1766; Peter Morris's Water Works in 1822; and the old bridge itself in 1832.

Is there any bridge in the whole world that, during a period of thirty years, has witnessed a more busy living stream than Rennie's magnificent new London Bridge? We doubt it. Year after year the concourse increases. No new bridge across the Thames has been built since 1832 nearer to it than Hungerford Bridge; and this is (or rather was, for it is in a chaos of reconstruction just now) only for foot-passengers. Hence there has been little relief to the wonderful traffic over London Bridge. The mass of humanity (occasionally diversified by inhumanity) that makes this passage every day is almost unbelievable. In 1850, Mr. Haywood, Engineer to the City Commissioners of Sewers, ascertained that 13,099 vehicles of various kinds passed over

London Bridge in twelve hours of one day! On another day in the same year, Mr. Bennoch caused the bridge to be carefully watched, and found that 10,767 vehicles went over it in nine hours, from nine in the morning till six in the evening. In 1853 Mr. Bennoch ascertained that, during a similar period of nine hours on one day, there passed over the bridge 11,498 vehicles and 63,080 foot-passengers. Again, in 1856, on the 22nd of October, Mr. Haywood planted a staff of persons to keep count of the whole traffic over the bridge from eight in the morning till eight in the evening;—the amount was stupendous—11,150 single-horse vehicles, 4,265 two-horse, and 577 three or four horse, making 15,992 in twelve hours! Again, in 1857, on the 11th of February, notes were taken of the traffic across the bridge in a similar period of twelve hours; it amounted to 14,890 vehicles and 85,690 foot-passengers. Once again. In 1859, Mr. Daniel Whittle Harvey, Commissioner of City Police, determined to investigate this matter to the very utmost; he caused the bridge to be watched for twenty-four consecutive hours, on the 16th of March. He found that there passed over it in this space of time 4,483 cabs, 4,286 omnibuses, 9,245 waggons and carts, and 2,430 other vehicles—making 20,444 vehicles in all; there were 107,074 foot-passengers, and 60,836 persons in the vehicles, or 167,910 specimens of human nature altogether. Sometimes statistical people tell us how far large quantities would stretch if laid in particular directions; as, for instance, how many times the distance from the earth to the moon the cotton yarn would extend that is spun in England every year. Very well: let us do the same with the one-day traffic over London Bridge. If the 20,000 vehicles with their horses were averaged at five yards each (a small allowance, considering that many were four-horse waggons), and if they followed each other in close file, they would extend fifty-seven miles; and if the 160,000 persons marched in column six abreast, they would extend fifteen miles—or,

in other words, the head of this formidable procession would reach Hastings about the time when the tail of it was passing over the bridge!

How can we avoid jostling each other when passing over such a bridge? How can we expect that policeman X, even doubled twenty-fold, can keep all the vehicles and drivers in order? There are the cabs taking passengers to and from the London Bridge railway stations. There are the multiplied copies of 'Paddington,' 'City Atlas,' 'Citizen,' 'Marlborough,' 'Wellington,' 'Favourite,' 'Royal Blue,' 'Nelson,' 'Plenipo,' &c., doing the same thing, or passing to and from the southern suburbs of the metropolis. There are the market-carts carrying provisions from the several markets and wholesale depôts. There are (in autumn) the vast waggon-loads of hops going from the Borough to the Camden, or Paddington, or King's Cross stations, or to the great breweries in the northern side of the river. There are the waggon-loads of corn, flour, bacon, hams, tea, sugar, coffee, tobacco, timber, tallow, oil, turpentine, resin, varnish, paints, seeds, hemp, wool, hides, leather, and other produce, incessantly passing on from one dock or warehouse to another. There are Messrs. Pickford's wheels always in danger of locking into Messrs. Chaplin and Horne's wheels, and inciting the drivers to use strong and emphatic language against each other. There are Barclay and Perkins's drays at loggerheads with Truman and Hanbury's. Alderman Dakin's cart, full of grocery, stops the way against Mr. Mudie's cart, full of books. Articles of furniture in the Peckham carrier's cart project so far as to imperil the hats of sundry drivers. The lad drawing a truck runs against the Bermondsey woman, who is carrying a mass of newly-made bags on her head (those women are *always* carrying those bags somewhere or other). Butchers' carts do as is the wont of butchers' carts—threaten to run over everybody and everything. The pavements are broad, but not broad

enough; and it is no small achievement to get from one end of the bridge to the other, especially from four to five in the afternoon, when pedestrians muster in great force—from and to steamboats, from and to railways, from warehouses and offices and shops of every imaginable description. Let it not be supposed that our woodcut depicts a theoretical state of things, concocted by the artist in his own room. We can assure the reader there is a stern reality about it—not, of course, as the bridge *always* is, but as it is on certain portions of every day. The fast man, with the glass to his eye, may have a momentary glance at the pretty girl in the plaid cloak; but he must keep moving as he looks, or he will be tripped up by those behind him. There are lots of young clerks; you may know them by their hats being tipped a little on one side. Inverness capes are much in requisition, for it is the winter season. The gentleman with the velvet collar is evidently an important man in some old city house. All, gentle and simple, are playing the very necessary game of follow-my-leader; for without this they could not progress at all. As to the boy eating the apple, he worms his way in some inscrutable manner between the other people: boys always do. And vehicles in the road, if seen in the usual kind of perspective, present fully as dense a mass as that which the artist has here shown. How many men are sitting on 'knife-boards' of omnibuses, who can tell; and into what queer shapes they arrange their nether limbs, who can describe? The suburban 'bus driver has always something to say to the passengers nearest to him; but he must nevertheless keep a sharp look-out at his horses; and the two gents in the Hansom must content themselves with a slower rate of motion over the bridge than is altogether to their liking. The Black Diamond is smacking his whip; but he doesn't care much; for others have more need to be afraid of his coal-waggon than he of them. A whirl it is, a never-ceasing whirl of men and

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vehicles, all seeming to be influenced by a determination of purpose not to be gainsayed.

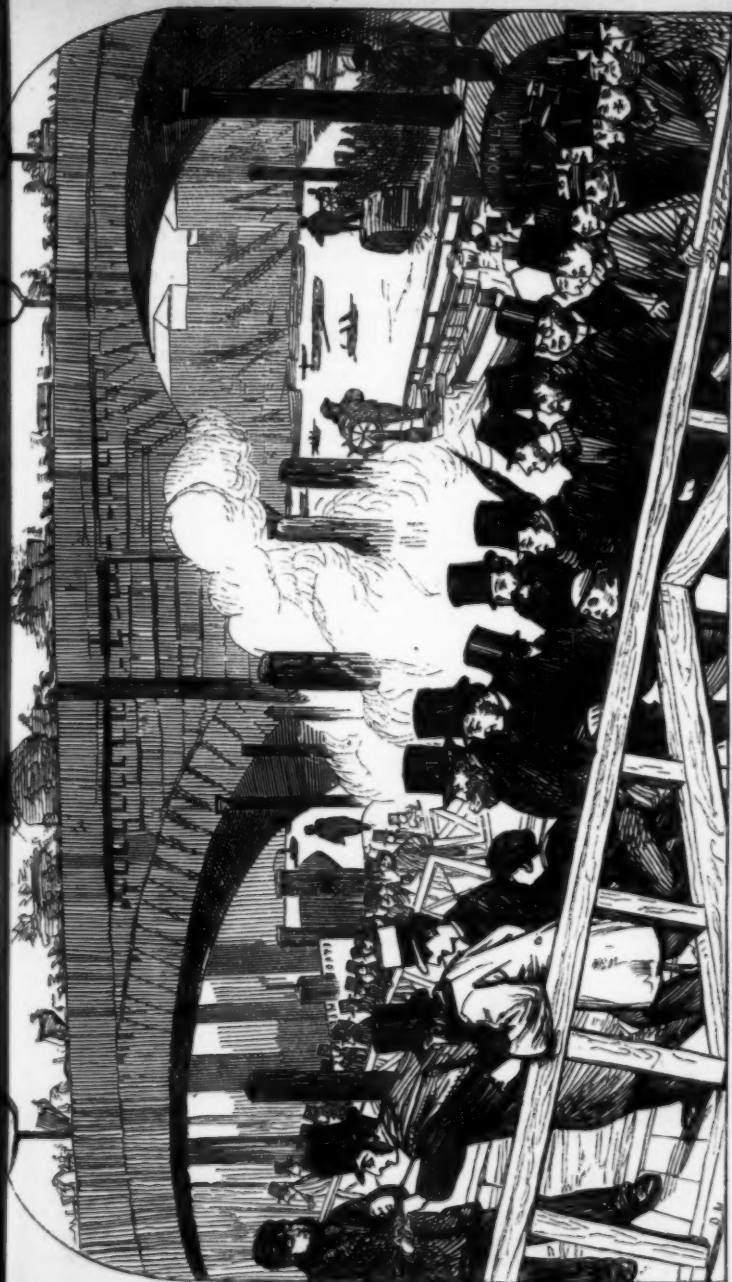
The bustle near and under the bridge, though not so exciting as that on it, has an interest of its own. We see day after day an intensified form of that scene which Mr. Charles Knight thus graphically described in his 'London' twenty years or so back: 'We have stood for a few minutes on the eastern side of London Bridge, looking upon that sight which arrests even the dullest imagination—mast upon mast, stretching farther than the eye can reach, the individual objects constantly shifting, but the aggregate ever the same. We pass to the western side, and descend the steps of the bridge. We are in a narrow and dirty street, and we look up to the magnificent land-arch which crosses it. A turn to the left brings us to the river. A bell is ringing; we pass through a tollgate, paying fourpence, and in a few seconds are on board of one of the little steamboats, bearing the poetical name of some flower or planet or precious gem. As the hand upon the clock of the pier approaches to one of the four divisions of the hour, the boat prepares to start. The pilot goes to the helm; the broad plank over which the passengers have passed into the boat is removed; the cable by which it is attached to the pier, or to some other boat, is cast off. The steam is up. For a minute we appear as if we were passing down the river; but, threading its way through a dozen other steam-winged vessels, the boat darts towards the Surrey shore; her prow is breasting the ebbing tide. What a gorgeous scene is now before us! The evening sun is painting the waters with dancing flames; the cross upon the summit of that mighty dome of St. Paul's shines like another sun; churches, warehouses, steam-chimneys, shot-towers, wharfs, bridges—the noblest and the humblest things—all are picturesque; and the eye, looking upon the mass, sees nothing of that meanness with which our Thames banks have been reproached. In truth, the juxta-

position of the magnificent and the common fills the mind with as much food for thought as if from London Bridge to Westminster there was one splendid quay, containing the sheds, and coal-barges, and time-worn landings which meet us at every glance. The ceaseless activity with which those objects are associated, renders them even separately interesting. We see the goings-on of that enormous traffic which makes London what it is; and whilst we rush under the mighty arches of the iron bridge, and behold another, and another, and another spanning the river, looking as vast and solid as if they defied time and the elements; and also see the wharfs on the one bank, although the light be waning, still populous and busy—and the foundries, and glass-houses, and printing-offices, on the other bank—we know that without this never-tiring energy, disagreeable as are some of its outward forms, the splendour which is around us could not have been.' We have at the present time all that is here described, and something in addition. Our steamboat piers are more numerous, and so are our steamers; our number of journeys is greater, and include fares of a halfpenny, a penny, twopence, and threepence, as well as those of fourpence and upwards; and there is a greater condensation of two kinds of traffic—up from London Bridge to Westminster, and a dozen other places; and down from London Bridge to Greenwich, and so forth. Look at the piers just above bridge on the City side of the water, and the gangways and dumb barges in connexion with them. What a living stream is there! The 'Primrose' comes in and deposits its load; and before this is finished, the cry of 'Stop her,' tells that 'Waterman No. 4' is coming in; though why a waterman should be called *she* and *her*, it is not our business to say. And then the 'Nymph,' from the east, draws up about the same time as the 'Bridegroom,' from the west. The 'Dahlia,' in our picture, is being moored to the pier in mid-winter, when wrappers and over-

coats are more plentiful than sunshine, and when the boats are not so full as in summer; nevertheless, the passengers come out pretty thickly at certain times of the day. And if several other steamers are, not simply 'looming in the distance,' but actually depositing *their* loads just at the same time, the scene is busy enough to astonish 'young men from the country,' and even Londoners themselves. The ticket-man, who takes the little bits of blue and yellow paper, might be a great judge of physiognomy if he liked. He could draw a distinction between the people who are awkward and fumbling in getting ready their tickets, and those who are prompt and ready; very likely

he could tell from the look of a man, and still more from that of a woman, to which group he or she belonged. In this instance our artist has evidently taken a business-like view of the matter; he has selected the business-men's time, when they have almost undisputed possession of the steamer, with scarcely a petticoat to be seen. There are such times in steamers as in omnibuses. 'Mamma and the girls' have not yet left home. The women of business, it is true, must and do bestir themselves early; but, as measured by 'bus and steamer travelling, they constitute but a small ratio to the throng of fathers, uncles, husbands, brothers, cousins, sweethearts, sons, and nephews.





THE LIVING STREAM AT LONDON BRIDGE.—UNDER THE BRIDGE.

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SLIDING AT MONTMORENCI.

'HOW is the Cone?' 'Any one been to Montmorenci lately?'

These questions, strange to English ears, are generally to be heard bandied about at the beginning of February at the breakfast-table of whatever regiment happens to garrison Quebec in that month; and they usually produce a proposal from some one to lend his horse for a leader, if some one else will furnish a wheeler and sleigh, when the former obligingly offers to drive the latter over and have a look at the place *pro bono publico*.

We will suppose that, like the majority of our readers, the gallant — had not yet passed a winter in Quebec, and therefore were not conversant with all the amusements to be deriyed from five feet of snow covering the face of nature from November to May. Of course, long before the first fall of snow, Brown and Jones had agreed upon the sleigh, robes, and bells, with which they were to provide themselves for their joint benefit and that of their fair friends. Many had been the discussions whether the 'back robe' should be black bearskin, wolf, fox, racoon, or wolverine; whether the sleigh should be a high one for tandem, or the more cosy, but less dashing 'cariole,' in which a lazy man, with his nose just peering above the robes, may allow his intelligent Canadian pony to steer him, not he it, along the track; whether the bells should be *à la Russe* on an arch over the horse's back, or, *à la Canadienne*, hung round his neck. All these important points, with the still more important one of selecting their joint property, the horse, had been amply discussed and settled whilst yet the autumnal tints were lingering on the maple.

The delicious sensations of the first sleigh-drive, with the perilous passage of, and upset, runaway and recovery, consequent upon an unskilful endeavour to avoid carefully a large *câlot*, or hole, formed in the

road by a little softness of the crust of snow, and passage of many vehicles, instead of boldly driving through it, and emerging as safely as a yacht rides over a heavy roller; the terrific crash with which, in a perfectly helpless manner, you had 'slewed' up against the forelegs of the Governor-General's stately leader as you so very carefully (and stupidly) took a good sweep round the slippery place at the ugly turning at St. Louis' Gate, instead of clearing His Excellency by cutting sharply across it as you should have done; the wreck, ruin, and confusion of face consequent thereon witnessed, and apparently with but little commiseration, by the fair object whom you intended to solicit for your companion at the first meet of the Sleigh Club: all these little sensations had been experienced with more or less enjoyment.

To these had succeeded the skating Rink, where you first saw and admired the very poetry of motion displayed by more than one fair performer; and out of doors the charms of tobogganing had combined exercise with pleasure to an extent before unknown; and still behind them all remained one, as yet untasted, amusement so novel, so thrilling, so apparently hazardous, and yet, when learnt, so safe and easy as to throw all others into the shade—I mean 'sliding at Montmorenci.'

'Sliding at Montmorenci!' I hear some fair reader exclaim; 'what an exordium about sliding! Does he think we want to hear of a lot of tomboys sliding on a pond?' Pardon me, mademoiselle; not for worlds would I ask you to condescend so far. Our sliding at Montmorenci (isn't it a pretty name for a place?) is not conducted by means of hobnailed boots upon a duck pond. It is—but before I tell you what the sliding is, I think I had better introduce you to Montmorenci itself, and to do this properly, I must describe one of the grandest

and most extraordinary sights in the world; and how is a pen like mine to do it? Like the distinguished foreigner out hunting who, when asked by an indignant whip if he thought *he* could catch the fox, responded, 'I do not know, mon ami, but I will try:' so I will try. A tailor, on seeing Niagara, is said to have

'made this note,

'Lord, what a place to sponge a coat!'

Now, all I can say is that Montmorenci would do quite as well, if not better, for this purpose. The river, which has been forcing its way from the high lands to the north-east of Quebec, finds itself pent up in a rocky gorge suddenly terminating in a drop of two hundred feet, or about fifty feet higher than Niagara, over which it has to leap to join the mighty St. Lawrence; and it knows no flinching—over it goes in one unbroken mass between the cliffs which stand on either side like giant sentinels; and then the deep pool at its foot spreads out into a large shallow basin, and nothing but the light bubbles of foam on its surface indicate the effort it has made to join the parent stream.

From this plunge rises a dense mist, which, when the pool is frozen over, as it always is in winter, within a few yards of the foot of the fall, collects on the frozen surface as it descends condensed, and gradually forms two immense cones, one shaped like a sugar-loaf, and generally some hundred and fifty feet high; the other, shorter and flatter, more of an ant-hill shape, and about half the height of the first. These are called the 'gentlemen's' and 'ladies' cones' respectively.

By dint of perseverance you manage to climb to the top of either cone, and seating yourself upon an iron-shod 'traineau,' or small sledge, you either guide yourself, or are guided, down the incline at a perfectly fearful pace. This, then, is the 'sliding at Montmorenci' of which we write, and which as far surpasses the delights of 'tobogganing,' as—what shall we say?—for the ladies, as a valise surpasses a polka—for the gentlemen, as a day with the Pytchley exceeds a run

with harriers. Such is our subject.

And now suppose Brown and Jones have been over to the falls, and, having tried the cone, return, reporting it in good order; the first thing then to do is to call upon some benevolent chaperone—and in Canada benevolence is strongly developed in this long-suffering class of human beings—and induce her to get up a sliding party at the earliest possible day. This done, and the time arrived, you pack into your sleigh a jar of mulled claret wrapped in a blanket to preserve the warmth, and drive to the place of meeting. There you offer the vacant place by your side to some fair friend; others do likewise, and then some half-dozen or more sleighs drive off for a day's 'sliding.' Escaping the dangers of the narrow and tortuous streets which lead from the gates of Quebec to its suburbs, you drive over the long wooden bridge crossing the St. Charles, and are soon in the open country beyond, with the large church of Beaufort to guide you on your road, lined by the whitewashed cottages of the habitants, looking chill, and somewhat dirty externally when compared with the dazzling covering of nature; though truly if you enter one of them you will find no lack of comfort or of cleanliness. Beauport passed, you are on the table-land from which the Montmorenci river flows, and an almost precipitous road winding down its face leads to the inn at which you are to put up. Now do unskilful whips half regret the rashness of turning out in a tandem; those who drive a pair wonder if they will meet a wood sleigh at the hasty turn halfway down the hill; whilst the happy owner of a cariole and rough Canadian pony coolly lets the animal follow one of the larger vehicles, assured that if *it* doesn't upset his won't, whilst he can devote his energies to a last effort to persuade the lady by his side to trust herself to his guidance in her first slide down the cone. However, dangers and upsets in the snow are seldom serious, and either with or without them our party assemble

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at the inn, leave their sleighs and horses, and engage a number of small boys with *traineaux* for the day's amusement. The Canadian 'gamins' are almost as mischievous and amusing as the London or Paris ones. The ladies of the party generally know the best sliders, and attach them accordingly, and, I rather suspect, indicate to them those whom they wish should reach the bottom safely, and those whom they like to see rolling down head over heels; at all events, it is curious that such skilful sliders should sometimes give one such awful purls! Arrived at the Falls you find the cones in capital order. There has been sliding enough to harden the snow on the sides, and no thaw and succeeding sharp frost to make it a sheet of ice. If the snow is soft, sliding is not rapid enough—if ice, then it is rather dangerous, except to first-rate sliders.

We find it all right. The ladies' cone may be climbed easily, and the gentlemen's by the aid of a few steps cut in the sides. And now commences the fun of the day. *Traineau* after *traineau* is freighted and despatched from the ladies' cone, some guided by the ladies themselves, some under charge of a 'gamin,' some helplessly set agoing by rash young men making their first attempts. The velocity with which you descend is much greater than in a toboggan—the principle of guiding the same, but a much lighter touch required. A few slides at the ladies' cone soon give confidence for an attempt at the greater one; and here I must confess that when I, for the first time, scrambled with hands and feet to the narrow ledge, some hundred and fifty feet above the plain below, and considerably steeper than the steepest of Gothic church-roofs, and looked down the road I had to go, I did rather wish I had not come—that wretched boy grinning at me, and informing me, in a mixture of Canadian and Irish *patois*, that when once seated on the *traineau* it would start, and that he was to jump on behind and steer me, and that I had better be quick as some

one else was coming. If it had not been for 'the credit of the corps,' I think I would have sneaked back again on hands and knees! Screwing up my courage I placed my long legs (I am six foot one in my stockings) carefully in front, with an injunction from my steerer on no account to let them touch the snow, and in another second felt myself rushing through the air as if I had been dropped from the top of a church steeple. Of course I forgot all about my legs—who would not under the circumstances?—and my heels, first one and then the other, caught the surface. Nothing but this was wanted to bring us all to grief. Gamin went one way, *traineau* another, I a third, and all found ourselves together amidst an admiring and, of course, deeply sympathizing group of friends at the foot of the ladies' cone. Still, I do not see why sympathy need have been expressed in such shouts of laughter. I was rather sore both in mind and body. I would have kicked 'gamin,' who was grimacing and *sacréé* and gesticulating, only I could not catch him, and so perhaps the best thing to do was to join the laugh, and try again. I forget exactly how many times I rolled the first day. I remember distinctly the destruction of a beautiful new pair of long and shiny boots from contact with the hard snow. My clothes suffered no less, and protected my poor body only in some slight degree; but—yes—but I learnt to slide alone! and ever from that day I was freed from the trammels of 'gaminism;' and when once learnt, how delightful and easy it was to rush, with the speed of an arrow from the bow, down the steep side of the great cone, and spin away a mile at least on the frozen river without a check! Then, too, was I trusted with the precious charge of some fair and adventurous Canadian, and we dashed down together, to the envy and admiration of less skilful sliders.

And now the lengthening shadows warn us that winter days are short. Sliding is stopped; buffalo robes spread over the snow; the hot mull and sandwiches produced,

and after a hearty and hasty lunch we re-embark in our several sleighs for home.

The steep hill is mounted in spite of the perversity of certain tandem leaders, who will turn round at the narrowest and steepest parts, and from the summit Quebec, with its tinned roofs and spires, glitters in the setting sunlight like burnished gold. The bells of many a habitant, returning with his empty sleigh at full trot from market, en-

liven the way; and tired though you and your companion may be, you still seem to think that a good dinner will enable you both to find sufficient energy for the quiet dance which that ever-to-be-admired, though - so - often - disparagingly - spoken-of-towards-two-o'clock-in-the-morning chaperone, has been kind enough to ask you to enjoy as a wind-up to a day's 'sliding at Montmorenci.'

P. L.



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JOINT-STOCK NEWS.

Scene.—THE MINING EXCHANGE.

MR. HAWK to MR. PIKE.—‘I’ve a new mine coming out, Pike :—take some shares?’

MR. PIKE to MR. HAWK.—‘Have you decided what sort of metal it is to be?’

MR. HAWK to MR. PIKE.—‘Anti-money, my boy—Anti-money!’

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THE TENANT OF THE CHINTZ CHAMBER.



CHAPTER X.

AT BAY.

Not long after the moon had gone down behind the pale banks of cloud, Percy lay in the arm-chair by his dressing-room fire. The candles on the mantel flared a sickly yellow in the gray light that entered by the balcony door, which he had thrown open to cool his feverish blood, overheated by wine and other exciting causes. He is dozing now, muttering in an uneasy slumber, calling strange names, now in a threatening, and now in a coaxing tone. And again he sinks into a deeper sleep.

He is wakened up by a noise, the rustling of ivy at the balcony door. Half awake, he is conscious of some one coming into the room—some one in white with dark hair lying on her shoulders, and large bright eyes fixed on his face. Only half

roused, in a kind of frightened stupor, he stared at the apparition. The figure came nearer, and said, 'Leonard!'

He tried to rouse his intelligence, but he was stupefied by wine. It seemed that the voice was familiar to him, and the person to whom it belonged; for, after struggling to sit up and look at her, he said thickly, but readily:

'What do you want, Eleanor?'

The girl (for she looked only a girl) gazed at him with supreme disgust.

'You are *drunk*, Leonard, but you must try and understand what I am going to say. Do you see that?' putting out her small white hand with the handsome ring and keeper on the proper finger. 'Do you know that? You are "Leo-

nardo" no longer. That was a pretty, romantic story invented to amuse me.

'I suppose you did not expect that the starving wife of the painter, Leonardo Rosselli, would come troubling you to your great home of Ravelstock, and forbidding the banns between you and your new bride? Well!' she went on, drawing back from him a little, not liking the ugly flare in his eyes, 'I have come though, to explain to you, that no feeling for you, no sickly sentimental memory of what I once felt for you, shall keep me from doing justice, and saving the innocent from misery.

'I do not pretend to care about you now. That is dead and buried; like your old false name, and your old smiles. I want nothing from you. I can support myself. I never should have come near you, had your wickedness rested satisfied with what had been done already, without hunting out a new victim, a fresh, sweet young victim like Gwendaline Lisle. Yes, my lord,' she said, drawing herself up and confronting him unflinchingly as he stood glaring angrily at her, 'frown if you will. I am not afraid; but mark me, *I will prevent the marriage.*'

The stupid angry scowl dropped down from his brows into an expression of slavish despair. He sat down again and whimpered maudlin appeals to her pity. The proud, talented, fascinating Lord Ravelstock whimpered there in the gray morning light, sitting opposite to that hazel-eyed woman.

And what did she do? She who called herself his wife? At the first softened accent, miserable and unmanly as it was, a quiver of grief passed over her face, and she sank upon the floor, burying her face in her hands. Then raising it up again, wet with tears, and flushed with the passionate repression of sorrow, she crept to his knees, and looked up to him, saying:

'Leonardo, I do love you. Do what I will, it will not die. Oh! my husband, promise me that you will not do this thing. If you cannot love me again, if I am in

your way, I will go, and never claim anything from you, only say that you will not stain your soul with this crime. Only say that you will spare that innocent girl.'

But her humility only roused his savage rage, cowed before by her calm fearlessness. He got up and flung her from him roughly, with such coarse drunken abuse as must not be set down here.

She stood up again, and all the softness vanished from her white face.

'I will plead no more,' she said. 'I am going, but recollect my words. I can prove our marriage; and if you do not repent in time, if you attempt to enter into this second one, I will prevent it.'

She went out of the balcony door as she had come, and the ivy rustled again as her white skirt swept past it. Lord Ravelstock staggered to the window, but she was not to be seen. He found his bed with some difficulty, and slept heavily till the sun was shining broadly into his room as it shines at eleven o'clock in the day.

Not till he had nearly dressed, did his memory furnish him with any reflection from the scene of the night before. At last, when the recollection did flash upon him, it turned him pale, and he stood for half an hour in the middle of his dressing-room floor, reviewing every word and look as it recurred to him. Could it have been a dream? was the question rational thought put to imagination. A dream induced by conscience and the uneasy fancies with which the wine had crowded his brain. And yet no; he could not make up his mind that such was the case. Surely no dream was ever so clear and perfect. He was half-crazed with doubts and conjectures. How could it be? And yet such an occurrence as this visit was to be feared.

At breakfast-time my lord Percy was sudden and absent in his manner; and Gwendaline's eyes filled with tears at an announcement which he made soon after, that he must ride to the village on business.

It had set in a dreary, wet day,

the first for how long! Gwendaline thought something might have been done towards finishing the painting, or that, if indisposed for such work, Percy would have passed the time for them pleasantly while they worked, by reading aloud. It was so sudden; so very awkward to have to ride so far on such a day; he would be wet, perhaps get cold, fever—it might cost him his life. And the pretty bride-elect appealed to Mrs. Grey's judgment if my lord Percy were not the most obstinate of men. And Mrs. Grey smiled and bent more closely over her embroidery.

He left at once, and did not return till dusk. Heaven knows to how many places he had ridden in the meantime, and what inquiries he had made, skilful inquiries, but without procuring any information regarding any woman, young or old, supposed to have lately taken up a residence in the neighbourhood. Wet and splashed, Percy rode home after his fruitless day's work. He switched the mud off his boots with his riding-whip, and slackened his horse's pace even in the rain to meditate on the likelihoods of the present bewildering case. If she really came, she did not come far. She wore a white gown, and no out-door dress over it. Her hair was loose. Faugh! it must have been a dream.

'And a pretty fool I am, scouring the country in search of a woman who must be at this moment hundreds of miles off. Whether or not, I will do nothing more. I am only laying my conduct open to remark, riding about in this fashion, making such inquiries, when I should be playing the attentive lover at home. Dream or reality, I will think no more about it.'

Meanwhile, at Ravelstock, the day was wearily long. Gwendaline was out of spirits, fatigued after the exertions of the night before, and vexed at Percy's absence. Mrs. Grey had her (of late) customary headache. My lady herself was the only undamped spirit of the three. She rallied Gwendaline, she threatened Mrs. Grey with a visit to the doctor, and repeatedly avowed her

conviction that they should have a pleasant evening, such a pleasant evening on Percy's return. And still the rain fell and fell, and occasional gusts of wind swept round the castle, making poor little Gwendaline shiver, and declare it would soon be winter.

But when the dusk came, bringing horse's feet to the gravel, the sunny girl's good temper came back, as the April light floods from behind a cloud. Percy, having thrown care to the winds, came in looking as gay as ever. His business had been all satisfactorily settled; he was sorry they had had a dull day. What should they do to make up for it? Sing, chat, read, play chess? The latter was chosen by Gwendaline for an hour's pastime. My lady, brisk all day, now felt fatigue, and slumbered on her couch. Mrs. Grey sat, resting her head on her hand, and looking into the fire, listening the while to the rattle of the chessmen.

'Checkmate!' cried Percy, and Gwendaline shrugged her shoulders, and rose from her seat. 'Play a game with Mrs. Grey, *do*,' she said. 'I'm so tired, and I should like to watch you.'

She threw herself on a sofa, and her white eyelids drooped. She was sleepy.

Percy said, 'As you will,' and began to settle the men in their places. Mrs. Grey moved reluctantly to the chess-table, and sat down.

'Don't you know the game?' said my lord. 'King and queen in the middle; your bishop's in the wrong place. Will you move first?'

Mrs. Grey seemed unusually awkward and nervous. Very awkward, for she knocked down several men with her sleeve, and picked up a pawn with her left hand.

My lord's eyes were on the board. The small shaking hand, with its ring and brilliant keeper, moved under his glance, and he dropped the piece he held with a shock which drove the blood from his lips and face.

Mrs. Grey started at the sudden movement, and looked up. Their eyes met, in a look so long, it seemed as if neither had the power

to end it. My lord's face grew every moment more dark and colourless, and his gaze poured a whole ocean of deadly meaning into the hazel eyes of the gray woman who sat trembling, but unflinching, before him.

Gwendaline opened her eyes, and asked why they did not go on with the game. Percy swept down the men, declared he was tired, put his hands into his pockets, and stalked to the other end of the room. Gwendaline opened her blue eyes still wider at his rudeness, and called him a bear, whereupon he apologized for his want of politeness, and sat down beside her.

Half an hour afterwards, Mrs. Grey folded up her perpetual embroidery, and went to a distant table to fetch her work-basket before retiring for the night. My lord, sauntering about the room, waiting for supper, bent down to examine an ornament on the table, and a creeping whisper found the gray woman's ears—'*I know you.*'

CHAPTER XI.

WHITHER?

Twelve o'clock struck by the castle clock, and the window of the chintz chamber stood open. The rain had ceased since nightfall; and now that solemn moon sailed triumphantly above the ocean, making the near trees look low and black beneath it. The air was unusually still and clear, after the day's tempest. The flowing tide heaved and welled about the dark rocks, swollen by the rains; through the open window its low surging could be heard. A hazy radiance seemed blurred over the dim moor, and at times the eerie plaint of a curlew floated up from its shadows like a stray echo from the land of spirits.

The gray woman sat writing at a table in shelter from the window. Her candle fluttered slightly as the air reached the corner where it stood, and its light streamed with a yellow flare over the paper under the writer's hand. The ink glistened quick and dried, and page after page was turned, while the

hand never faltered nor the brain seemed to flag. Scrape, scrape, scrape, went the pen, only gaining a respite by times when a lurid head gathered big upon the long wick, and the busy hand dropped the pen to snuff it away.

Faster and faster the woman wrote. It was the history of a life. It was a letter from one who had been wedded and deserted to one who had heaped cowardly injuries on the writer. It told over a story which was well known to him for whose eyes it was intended; how a young girl, delicately cared for in childhood, spent her early youth in a dire struggle with poverty. How she toiled and prayed and dreamed that better times might come for her and her sick father.

'Leonard!' it said; 'do you remember the day you met me in Kensington? I had sat up all night to finish needlework, and I had taken it home. I had been told to call again for the money. I hungered for that money to buy wine for my father. You stopped me. Oh, Leonard! you had a kind, word for me then. You bade me come with you, and I should have money. I followed you. I would have followed you to the world's end. I trusted your eye, and I trusted your voice. Day after day I went to you, while you painted my face. And my father had wine. And I was so happy. Oh! I was so happy!

'Oh! Leonard, have you forgotten the day when you took my hand and said: "Will you let me put a ring on this little finger? Will you be a poor painter's wife?" And I said I would. If you had been a beggar, I would have put my hair under your feet. And have you forgotten how happy your kind words made my poor father's deathbed, and how he died at peace when he saw my hand in yours?

'And oh, Leonard! have you forgotten the happy time at the quiet sea-side, when you lay on the beach with your head on my gown, and read aloud to me all through the short dreamy days? * * * I did not come here to be a spy upon you. It was all a strange chance. I was on the brink of starvation.

I had been thrown out of my situation of teacher. I had been ill. I saw your mother's advertisement. In despair I answered it. I disguised myself only because she required an elderly person. I could not let the chance of bread escape me, the chance of sure, daily bread, a quiet home, a retreat from the world. I came; I did my best to please. I succeeded; I made myself necessary; I endeared myself to her. I said, "I have found a haven, I need not wander any more." I believed I should never trouble you again.

'Your picture first revealed your secret to me. Then I should have fled from your path, only for your precious soul's sake. You shall not live your life in sin, Leonard, while I can prevent it. I have witnesses to prove our marriage. But do not drive me to this alternative. Hard as it seems, renounce this poor girl. She is young—she may still be happy. Go abroad—do what you will; I will not cross your path. I do not covet your rank. I do not ask to be acknowledged your wife, since you have ceased to love me.

'Do as I have suggested, and I'll make an excuse to leave the castle at once. Oh! Leonard, for your soul's sake'—

So the gray woman wrote, with a lingering hope. Ah! but the gray woman did not know about the debts, and the thirty thousand pounds.

'Oh! Leonard, for your soul's sake'—

There came a tap at the door.

The soul, recalled from its passionate commune with the absent, was startled back to consciousness of the dead hour of night, of the silent chamber, and the candle flaring in the chill breeze creeping through the open window. Awake, keenly, vividly wakeful in the sleeping house, the gray woman realized her own presence, and sat listening. Again the tap came; she arose, and went to the door.

In the visible darkness of the passage, she saw a figure with a finger to its lip—a figure that her heart recognized. It beckoned her out.

She gave a hasty look backward, as if she would extinguish the candle, perhaps lock up her letter from the risk of chance eyes; but a hand was stretched forth which drew her across the threshold from the room. The figure said, 'Come!' and she went. Had not the letter said, 'I would follow you to the world's end?'

Ay, to the world's end, or to life's end, which is the same thing to any separate unit of us of creation. Down the stairs she went after his feet, with a deep strength lying like steel at the bottom of her heart for what might be to come, but trembling with a hope that in some way the torture of suspense endured for months would end with this sought interview.

Down stairs, past doors of rooms with sleeping inmates, past closed doors of empty rooms, once tenanted, but over whose threshold the dead had gone. Past the ticking clock on the staircase, whose 'beat, beat' had told out the measure of the lives of many generations under that roof. Past the wide doors of the chambers where the revelry had been so late. Following, trusting, fearing, yet hoping, the woman went.

Great heaven! would nothing stop her? The figures in the corridors stretched their white arms towards her. A stair rail caught her dress and held her, till her impatient hand set her feet free again. On she went; the shadows were thick in the house, and she could not see his face. Even at the stair-foot she had yet been in time, but she did not see his face. They passed through the great hall, and out from the gloom of its carved pride into the white moonlight—the calm, sinless moonlight, under which all is spiritual and pure, and no unruly thought should live.

CHAPTER XII.

UNDER THE MOON.

Gwendaline sat up in her bed in the moonlight. She had been dreaming. And in her dream, strangely enough, there came to her that face which lay sketched, life size, be-

tween the leaves of Percy's portfolio, down in the studio. She had fancied that a slight figure in white came to her bedside through the moonlight, and stood looking at her, with a sweet, sad countenance. The face was the face of the sketch; the hair lay so on the shoulders, and the mouth and eyes were the same. Wakening, Gwendaline sat up; but the white, slender figure faded away in the quivering wreaths of moonlight; the face grew shadowy and indistinct; its hues and outlines died out into the neutral colour of the air, and the vision was gone.

Gwendaline was not frightened. It had been a sweet dream. She recalled the face, the figure, the attitude. She could have loved—oh! so loved—a sister who had looked like that. 'Ah! I never had a sister,' thought the girl; 'but I have Percy, and he is enough. I used to wish for a sister. I don't care so much now. But I love that face. I will ask him to give me the sketch. I should like to dream that dream again.'

And then she thought of the poor model who had sat for the drawing, and resolved to ask Percy about her; perhaps find her out, and do her some good. She was a large-hearted, romantic little creature, childish as yet, this Gwendaline.

She lay with her face to the moonlight, and her hand on the coverlet; she closed her eyes, opened them again, and dropp'd the lids once more, almost sliding from waking dreams to sleeping ones, when she heard a noise.

A slight sound, like the opening of a door, and the stealthy tread of a foot on the passage. How fear rushes in on our calmest, most delicious thoughts, like a hawk among doves. Gwendaline sat up, and gazed at her chamber door, with both hands pressed to her side, as if to keep the flying heart within the trembling frame.

What a terrible thing fear is, that comes on us so unawares, and sways us with such an unearthly power. We are resting, we are happy, and full of bright fancies; a moment, and we are stricken with a freezing chill, we are shaken with pain. But

this minute it was pleasant to be alone in the quiet room, resting on the cool pillow, dreaming over to ourselves our life's happiest dreams. And now in a breath it is horror to feel no living presence but our own. The air is thick with mystery; our ears are filled with hisses; we seem encompassed by the shades of death. Our own breathing, our own touch, our own consciousness terrifies us. We long for annihilation, and perhaps we find it for a time in a swoon. Gwendaline did not faint. She sat for a long time staring at her door, and then as the minutes—like hours to her—went by, and no noise came again, she breathed more freely, her heart throbb'd less wildly, the thick air seemed purified, the spell of terror gave way.

It must have been fancy. One of those shocks which come so often between waking and sleeping, just after we have passed, as it were, the verge of the land of sleep, when our feet seem to stumble, and we fall back on the waking world with a rebound which shakes all our system. We imagine we have fallen down a precipice, and recognize with astonishment the bed under our limbs. We were cantering on a spirited horse, when he suddenly flung us, and again we are amazed at the soft support bearing us up. 'It was fancy,' said Gwendaline, 'or could it have been Mrs. Grey walking in her sleep?' She had heard Lady Ravelstock quiz her companion for having done so once. How readily small things come up in our minds when we are anxious to find out a 'reason why.' Be it as it might, the shock had made Gwendaline nervous, and she got up, not without trembling, and bolted her door.

Coming back to her bed, she paused at the window. The glorious moonlight—so tranquil, so soothing—like the white wings of a mighty angel brooding over the world, banished all lingering fear, and she stood, like Evangeline,

'With naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber,'

to drink one draught of the night's deep peace and beauty.

Her room was on the same line as

the chintz chamber, and the same view was to be seen from the window. The same glistening stretch of ocean, with the black battery of rocks thrown up against it,—the same heavy sweep of moor, blurred dim with the overhanging radiance. The trees spread their lacework between Gwendaline and the solemn moon; and the light fell in silver levels upon the invisible green of the sward, and the formal intersections of the gravelled paths under the window.

As she watched, two shadows sprang up silently on the white gravel. They moved swiftly out from the shelter of the house. Again that fear flew to Gwendaline's throat, and almost strangled her. But fear was lost in wonder, and wonder merged in a vague sense of curiosity and apprehension, as the figures faced the moon, and she fancied she recognized them.

They passed under the shadow of the beech trees, across the sward, out of sight. Still the girl lingered by the window, lost in wonder. By-and-by she beheld the figures again, moving together in the distance, and then once more the shadows swallowed them. Suddenly, while her eyes rested on the shining sea, two small black shapes started up on the rocks, and stood sharply defined, even so far away, against the moonlit water. Gwendaline leaned from the window, and watched them eagerly, with a sick bewildered suspense that did not altogether spring from curiosity. She saw them standing together, quietly at first, then separating and gesticulating like the shadows thrown by a magic lantern. They went through a strange pantomime: one figure—the smaller—seemed to drop low before the other; then rise and move away. Then again it drew near, and then suddenly and swiftly it vanished, and the taller figure remained.

Gwendaline's eyes were strained for the return of that tiny black shape, but to no purpose. It did not appear again. And then the solitary figure moved slowly away, down among the rocks, and was lost in the shadows.

Strain her eyes as she might, there was nothing more to be seen. Gwendaline turned from her window. Painful and perplexing thoughts troubled her. Could her eyes have been deceived? Could she have been mistaken? No; she had seen two figures, and, strangest of all, they had had the appearance of Percy and Mrs. Grey. Why should either leave their rooms at such an hour? Why should they be together—they who scarcely ever addressed one another, scarcely knew one another? Why should they go to the rocks, and why should one return alone? Why should Mrs. Grey suddenly disappear?

Unable to go to sleep, she wrapped herself in her dressing-gown, and ventured to open her door. Once upon the passage she hurried along, till her feet paused before Percy's room. The door was open. She looked. The bed was untouched. The place was empty.

She sat down upon a chair by the open door, feeling almost stupefied by amazement and alarm. She remained so for some time, gazing vaguely at the moonlight and the shadows, with no purpose, no settled thought filling her mind, only consciousness of the existence of a strange, unreal state of things.

She went into Mrs. Grey's room. The open window, the fluttering writing paper on the table, the pen still wet with ink, the candle guttering down in the socket,—all these signs that the room had lately had a wakeful tenant struck the intruder strangely. She came and sat in the chair, which had been driven back a little as its last occupant had risen from the table. She seated herself with a kind of feeling that she might thus more easily guess the motives of the person who had so lately been in her place.

She had not sat there long when her eye, wandering over the table and its litter, caught a familiar name on the open paper—her own name. A moment ago, and she would have shrunk from reading what had not been meant for her eyes. But a second wrought a change. Without any intention of reading, the eye received a sentence

from the paper. An abyss yawned at her feet.

The letter was now handled eagerly, and every word devoured from the beginning to the end. Little the girl thought whether she had a right to read or not. She flung the paper from her when the broken sentence pointed to the moment when the writer had been called away. She threw it angrily from her, and burst into a passion of tears.

CHAPTER XIII.

ACCIDENTAL DEATH.

Two o'clock struck by the great clock on the staircase. Gwendaline was cold and stiff with the chill air from the window, and her face was swollen with crying. She bore her misfortune as an impetuous child bears a sore disappointment and injury. Her heart was bursting with resentment; misery weighed down her head and gave her a strangling sensation at the throat, while the tears fell like a thunder-shower over her hands.

She waited for the gray woman's return. She would tell her she had read her hateful letter, reproach her with not having revealed herself before and averted all the misery. Then she would go to her own room and make instant preparations for departure. She would quit Ravelstock before breakfast time, only leaving a cold and cutting note of farewell to Percy. Her father should take her abroad again. She would show Lord Ravelstock that she did not care for him so much as he thought; she would punish him well for his wickedness.

So the fiery little girl planned in her anger, believing that she would soon get over her disappointment when she had signally chastised those who had caused it. Her passion would not let her feel for the poor young wife who had so long suffered and endured in silence.

But the gray woman was long in returning, and Gwendaline, shivering with cold, almost gave up her resolve to await her coming. Almost, for a minute, and then she

angrily redoubled her determination to remain. The candle had long since burned out, and she looked about the dim room for some means of lessening the cold. She feared to make a noise closing the window. Mrs. Grey's bed was smoothly spread; no one had been in it that night. Gwendaline sprang into it, and covered her trembling limbs, trying to keep down the cough which at intervals rose in her chest and shook her slight frame.

Sobbing and shuddering she laid her head on the pillow, and soon fell into an uneasy sleep, from which she was roused by a slight sound in the passage. She started hurriedly from the bed, and crept out of the room. Percy's door was shut.

He had then returned, but still no Mrs. Grey. Gwendaline looked from the window, and lingered half an hour longer in the chintz chamber; and then, when dawn was breaking and the gray woman had not returned, she stole wearily to her own room and fell asleep.

In the morning Lady Ravelstock waited long in the breakfast-room alone. No one appeared to share the meal with her. She wondered most at Mrs. Grey's absence, who always arrived from her morning walk punctually, to the minute. She inquired of the servants at what hour Mrs. Grey had left the house. No one had seen her that morning. Lady Ravelstock sought her room and found it deserted. She then said: 'she must have gone out;' and went on to Gwendaline's chamber.

She found the girl tossing and moaning in her sleep, and thinking she suffered from a bad dream awoke her. But Gwendaline stared at her with heavy red eyes, and turned shuddering from her.

Poor Lady Ravelstock was distressed. The dear child must be ill, something must be done. She implored Gwendaline to tell her if she felt unwell or if anything had happened. But the girl only coughed violently and buried her flushed face in the bedclothes.

It was now nearly twelve o'clock in the day. My lady hurried to her son's room and found him dressing.

She told him of Mrs. Grey's mysterious absence and Gwendaline's illness. My Lord Percy seemed very much disturbed by his mother's agitation, and went down to breakfast by himself. Gwendaline continued ill all day. My lady did not leave her side.

Towards evening the doctor came, said she had caught a severe cold, was threatened with fever; and ordered her to be kept very quiet. All the day, while Lady Ravelstock sat there, the patient never spoke, except to ask the constantly repeated question—'Has Mrs. Grey come back?'

'No, my love,' was still the answer; 'not yet. You know she walked in her sleep. We fear she has got out of the castle and wandered very far away. But I trust we shall soon hear of her. Don't think about it.'

And Gwendaline only moaned at these words, and turned her head again from the light.

'She walked in her sleep. We shall soon hear of her,' so my lady kept repeating. She pointed to the tossed bed where Gwendaline had lain, and strove to assure herself and others that the missing woman had risen, had dressed in her sleep as she had heard that sleep-walkers often do, and contrived to escape from the castle. 'She will be ashamed of it,' said my lady, 'and perhaps feel it unpleasant to come back; but we shall soon hear.'

She had despatched her son to make inquiries, and Percy was absent all day, only returning with evening, bringing no news. Then indeed was Lady Ravelstock alarmed, and the servants gossiped among themselves and surmised a thousand things possible and impossible.

That night wore on. My lady watched long, and still Gwendaline's question broke the silence of the sick room. 'Has Mrs. Grey come back?' And still the answer had to be given: 'Not yet.'

Then Percy lingered at the door to ask how Gwendaline did; and she, hearing his voice, wailed out, 'Send him away! send him away!' and covered her eyes. And Lady Ravelstock whispered with tears on

her face; 'I fear she is raving; you had better go away, my son.'

Morning came. A quiet neutral day without sun or rain. Gwendaline seemed better, so the doctor said. When he had left the room, Lady Ravelstock sat at the window, looking out. Gwendaline's eyes were fixed on her face.

All at once my lady's attention was attracted by a small crowd of people, coming slowly towards the house, seeming to carry some heavy weight upon their shoulders. As they drew nearer, her face changed, she stifled a cry with wonderful self-command, strove to rise, but sank back faintly in her seat.

'What is it?' cried Gwendaline from the bed. Lady Ravelstock struggled to speak: 'Nothing, nothing.'

But Gwendaline raised her head on her hand and gazed at her. 'Is it Mrs. Grey?' she asked.

Lady Ravelstock, trembling from head to foot, tried to evade the question; but it was repeated. 'Is it Mrs. Grey, drowned?'

Lady Ravelstock went to the bedside and laid the girl's head upon the pillow.

'Tell me,' said Gwendaline; 'you may as well tell me. Did you not see Mrs. Grey's drowned corpse carried up to the house? I have dreamed of it so often.'

'I fear something has happened, my darling; but lie still, and do not think about it. Don't think about it,' murmured poor Lady Ravelstock, while the tears dropped over her face.

Then Gwendaline turned again to the wall, so quietly, Lady Ravelstock wondered at her; and, finding she remained still, stole down stairs to learn something of the strange sight she had seen.

The doctor met her on the stairs and led her into a room. 'My dear lady,' he said, 'do not go down. This is a sad case of drowning. I shall attend to the corpse. There will be an inquest immediately.'

'She walked in her sleep,' sobbed poor Lady Ravelstock, clinging to the doctor's hand; 'she walked in her sleep.'

'So I understand,' he said. 'It

is probable that she wandered down to the shore and fell from the rocks, or was carried out by the tide.'

At the doctor's earnest request my lady went to her own room, a nurse having arrived to take care of the invalid. The poor wet corpse was laid in a dark room, and the door was locked. The doctor stayed a great part of the day at the castle getting information and talking to Lord Ravelstock, who was dreadfully shocked at the occurrence, and could not be induced to go and see the corpse.

Towards evening Lady Ravelstock was summoned to Gwendaline's room. The girl was now in a raging fever. She raved wildly. The first words which fell on Lady Ravelstock's ear were so terrible that she sent the nurse away and took her place for the night.

Awful fancies, or else frightful revelations were muttered incessantly in the listener's ear; and at last, in a moment of high excitement, a letter torn and crumpled was flung by the sufferer at the poor old woman who watched by her.

A poor old woman she was now, with her son's guilt lying on an open page before her, knowing that that poor wet corpse in the dark room above was his wife. Listening to the wild words that poured with merciless constancy from the sick girl's mouth. God knew her thoughts as she sat with bowed head leaning against the bed, and hair that seemed whitening every hour. Ten years of ordinary trouble could not have aged my lady as that night aged her. She appeared to the nurse who came at dawn a bent decrepit old woman, with sunken eyes and hollow cheeks, and hardly the shadow of a likeness to the frank, kind, self-complacent Lady Ravelstock, with her smiling looks and her little black shining curls.

From that night she watched the nurse jealously. She would scarcely admit her to the room. She avoided her son, waving him away when he came near her, and hurrying out of sight when she heard his step. With her gray hair brushed back under a linen cap, and wrapped in a

thick shawl, she sat morning and night by Gwendaline's bedside. No entreaties of the nurse, no expostulations of the doctor, could move her from that seat.

On the night before the inquest, she left it of her own will for the only time. All the castle was silent. She took a shaded light, as she had done on another night so long ago, and traversed the house alone. Passing her son's room, she stopped and listened to his tread. He walked his room instead of sleeping. Her head fell dejectedly on her breast, and she went on.

The key was in the door of the death-chamber. She opened it and went in. The corpse lay untouched, as they had been desired to leave it until after the inquest. Lady Ravelstock set down her light and uncovered the face. One could hardly guess now what colour it might have been, it was so woefully altered. She raised a little the thick fold of gray hair which was fastened tightly on the head by the cap. Under it there lay a band of glossy black. Lady Ravelstock groaned and covered it again with the disguise which the poor creature had in life preserved so steadfastly. Then she replaced the covering upon the eyes that in death gazed with that hunted look which Lady Ravelstock had never detected in them before.

Next day the verdict was given, 'Accidental Death,' and a modest funeral left Ravelstock soon after. There was much gossip among the servants and about the neighbourhood, regarding my lady's strange whim of helping to dress the corpse herself. No other dare arrange the dead woman's hair, or settle the folds of white about her head. And they said that she kissed the poor thing's face, and would suffer no one to take the rings from her finger.

There was also some talk about Lord Ravelstock's haggard looks; but the gossips thought it only right that he should be in deep distress when Gwendaline's life was in danger.

CHAPTER XIV. (AND LAST).

RAVELSTOCK AS IT IS.

The crisis of the fever passed, and Gwendaline retreated from the dark threshold which she had seemed about to cross—slowly, and with uncertain feet that for long seemed every moment on the point of tottering back into the abyss. But at last the scale steadied, the balance was struck, life outweighed death.

Lady Ravelstock sat by her bedside and watched her recover. Gwendaline gazed with wonder on her dear old friend's changed countenance, and a conviction came upon her that she knew the worst. She lifted the withered hand and kissed it reverently.

But the caress was not returned. The softness was gone from Lady Ravelstock's character. She was now a stern, broken-down woman, whose only hope was to save her family name. Only once was the past alluded to between them; once when the twilight emboldened Gwendaline to whisper her lingering hope:—

'She may have fallen by accident.'

But Lady Ravelstock only shook her head grimly.

One evening, when the invalid was able to sit up at the fire and look out of the window at the stormy sea and the dreary moor, she said to her friend:—

'Send him here.'

The eyes of the two women met, and each understood the other. Lady Ravelstock said—

'You are not afraid?'

Gwendaline shuddered, and said, 'No.'

Then Lady Ravelstock went away, and soon after Percy went into Gwendaline's room and shut the door.

No one ever knew what passed between the two; but Percy came out with a white sullen face, and hastened to his own chamber. He only left it to make preparations for his departure from Ravelstock. They said he was going away on business, but he never appeared in the country again. Probably his absence was the condition of Gwen-

daline's silence upon all that she knew.

Her father took her from Ravelstock as soon as she was able to travel. A sunny village in the south of France received her, and the warm climate did what it could to save her from consumption; but in vain. The grave closed over her bright head one year from the date of Mrs. Grey's death.

After Lord Ravelstock's hasty departure, after Gwendaline had left the castle, my lady found herself once more in solitude at Ravelstock. A bleak solitude. The winter brought more troubles to her in her lonely room. Those debts, which had once threatened to overwhelm Percy, now became known to her. My lady wrote to lawyers, and lawyers came down to Ravelstock. One piece of property was sold after another to save exposure, and at last it became necessary that the old estate and castle of Ravelstock must also be sacrificed.

Dreadfully, but with a stern bravery, my lady gave her consent to the sale of her home. She chose a quiet retreat, and prepared to take possession of it. But on the morning on which she was to leave Ravelstock they found her sitting in her arm-chair by the window, with her hands folded together and her head against the sill, quite dead. She had been stricken by paralysis.

Ravelstock was sold. Everything remains in it as it was. The pictures hang on the walls in the dim gallery, the river runs under the bay window, and the sea and moors have an unearthly glimmer on clear nights, seen from the chintz chamber. The unfinished picture stands on the easel in the studio, and the dust lies thick on the leaves of the portfolio. The owner of Ravelstock seldom comes near it, for they tell ugly stories of the rooms being haunted. The chintz chamber especially is shunned, for the caretakers describe the figure of a woman in gray which is seen passing in and out of the room on moonlight nights. These are only stories, of course; but they serve to throw a gloom of mystery over the fine old place which is not likely to be cleared away.

HERALDIC STUDIOS;

Or, Messrs. Selpe and Griffin.

'Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms.'—*Troilus and Cressida*.

IT has been remarked that one may form a very fair estimate of a man's character and habits from the style of his watch; and, it may be added, of his ancestry by his coat armour, provided, however, we know how he came by the latter. The armorial distinctions, however, of the present century present themselves under so many anomalous conditions, that we fear were the shade of precise old Gwillim permitted to revisit the glimpses of the moon, and glide down Oxford Street or Piccadilly, it would certainly not repeat its visit in the face of such scandals as, 'No fee for search,' 'Name of county *only* required,' 'Parties supplied with arms and crests at the shortest notice,' and such-like. Perhaps, after all, the stately heralds of the seventeenth century were practically little more scrupulous in reality than those self-constituted authorities of the present day.

In the time of Gwillim, we have read that 'armiger' was a title of some distinction, and a man did not lightly discuss such important matters as the ancestral gules or azure, bend or fesse; and 'as for any old gaffer of low degree presuming to intrude within the sacred pale, the idea was probably too absurd even to have been seriously entertained, notwithstanding certain dark hints, not very complimentary to the ancestry of some of the pedantic Stuart's favourites. Still, Wat and Tom, Hobbs and Judd, when they aspired to be ranked with the upper ten thousand, very wisely—and the practice is still honoured in the observance—took unto themselves the patronymics of extinct noble families, or such as were, though gentle, too poor to offer much opposition. It was long before those days that armorial achievements had ceased to be considered as property alienable by will.

Another change, however, took

place, and on the day when 'Old Noll' was enthroned by fellows like Whalley and Viner, and an 'Other House' was constituted, a severe blow was struck at the gentle science, albeit those sturdy Republicans, from Bradshaw downwards, were ever ready to attach their seals of arms somewhat ostentatiously to important documents, whereby they evinced the instinctive respect of their race for ancient institutions and time-honoured usages, however much their political career might have been at variance with such tastes.

If 'Democritus Junior' lamented the increase of books, as tending to deprive the scholar of his literary omniscience, the official herald of the nineteenth century may now with better reason complain that the press has been the means of depriving him of much statute-made importance. The advertisement sheet of a morning paper will teach him as much, as he finds himself undersold in his own market, where trefoils and roses, bulls and lions, pigeons and eagles, and all the *et ceteras* of 'honourable ordinarings' are offered to the million, at a greatly reduced price. The constitutional herald may grumble, but scarcely ventures to test his means of legal redress against the bold and plebeian innovators. True, the opposition does not offer the *genuine* article, but to the vulgar eye it appears just as good. Without head or claws a kite or a cat might 'pass muster' at a Lord Mayor's table.

Not the least curious consideration is the effect of modern ideas in giving elasticity to one of the most precise and uncompromising of mediæval social contrivances. The self-constituted herald of Shoreditch or Pimlico addresses himself with due formality to the rising generation of small householders about the Victoria Park or St. John's Wood, and offers them with becoming

gravity their choice of a crest stamp for linen, cards—social or business, and—irresistible bait!—a coat of arms, emblazoned in full colours, for the small sum of five shillings, the same being available as a design over the porch of the Elizabethan cottage, or on the embossed side of the family teapot. What is more—there is 'no fee for search' when 'the county is given.' Now it so happens that this search has on minds suburban a most potent influence—it implies something lost, and attaches some importance to the transaction; accordingly, for one crown piece, or sixty postage stamps, the heraldic Gordian knot, with all its entangled bugbears of dates and domestic occurrences, such as baptisms, marriages, and burials, is at once severed by a bold stroke of harlequin's lath, and forthwith issues a sublime mystery, resplendent in gules and or—the veritable coat armour of some hero of Agincourt—and Young Pimlico is a gentleman. The unknown progenitor of the fifteenth century is now alluded to amongst intimate friends with the sigh of fallen greatness, and his supposed representative prepares to transmit the strange mystery of his house to his heirs for ever. In due course, Mr. Mutton's successors become De Mouton, and perhaps inaugurate a fleur-de-lys in the escutcheon on the brougham. Perhaps young De Mouton has been gifted with the 'bump' of causality, and considers it the aim and object of his existence to solve the problem of his ancestry. He consults the man of devices. The oracle again utters a response, but its tones are not so encouraging. 'The charge for a search at the British Museum, although unsuccessful, will be twenty guineas.' The oracle well knows that its inspiration cannot be obtained from their majesties the outraged Kings of Arms, hence its mention of the national repository of accessible information—albeit difficult to the uninitiated, of approach—or, more sensibly, the man of devices saves the walk by retiring into his back shop, there to consult the sibylline pages of 'The General Armorie' or more voluminous, but questionable, works

on family history. Happy the priest of that oracle when the applicant enjoys a Celtic patronymic! There is then no need of inconvenient reference to parish registers. 'The Book of the Clans,' and 'Nisbet,' will suffice him; and thrice happy he, the applicant, should he discover that he was originally a 'Campo Bello,' or a 'Mac Fhiondbhuidhe.' The pedigree is soon made out; there are about a dozen remote ancestors before the 'documentary' period, when suddenly a certain Duncan MacFardle, Esq., appears as the maternal grandfather of the present head of the family, and settles in the parish of St. Egidius, London, about the close of last century. The Anglicised Celt now clothes himself in tweed, and assumes a Highland bonnet in place of his former Berlin worsted smoking-cap, and his children take after him.

'Why so many feathers?' we lately asked of a nursemaid in the south of England. 'Oh, sir,' was the unhesitating reply, 'these are a Scotch gentleman's children.'

Not in vain then, seemingly, was the plumed Celt enshrined as the patron of snuff!

But the new herald's spell is not alone felt within his immediate influence; it pervades the remotest colonies; it is readily recognized on the gaudy panels of transatlantic sleighs, and the harness of Tasmanian steeds. This remarkable inconsistency in the mental constitution of a pre-eminently practical race, is cleverly taken advantage of; but, as the doctor is rarely his own physician, so likewise the new herald but seldom takes his own emblazoned nostrums.

The new heraldry, as we have said, has even penetrated the depths of Canadian forests, where Mr. Shanty, J.P., formerly staff-sergeant at Quebec, and sometime grocer, spirit dealer, and lumber merchant, sends home to the heraldic studio of 'Messrs. Golpe and Griffin,' for a correct drawing of the beaver and maple leaf which adorns his equipage. Perhaps Messrs. Golpe and Griffin, in deference to the magisterial office, augment the Shanty arms with an ermine spot, or some such pregnant

and cabalistic device, of which the clever Miss Shanty proposes an entomological explanation, but which her father accepts with a mysterious confidence.

But the rise of the Shanties is too much for the MacElks of Moose Lodge. Old MacElk had himself been a trapper, or, as he preferred to say, a peltry merchant; and, resolved not to be outdone by his neighbour, has a minx painted on his sleigh. The epidemic spreads, and larches, maples, black, red, and blue foxes, are called into requisition. The Shanties, however, having been first in the field, submit to the assumption of the MacElks with ill-disguised contempt, for what they term the *nouveaux riches*, and, in the malice of their hearts, produce the Shoreditch patent of arms, and so confound their bewildered rivals. Old Shanty, it is now delicately hinted, ran away from his father—a clergyman—and enlisted. The church has much to answer for, if we are to believe the rumours so often afloat in the 'national reformatory' of the army.*

The new system of heraldry has, we believe, found considerable favour in India, where official magnates, already in possession of wealth and power, require this mystic and symbolical stimulus, in the task of founding Anglo-Indian houses, under circumstances sufficiently remote to enable them to escape the ridicule which it has pleased the rest of the world to attach to parvenus.

The only colonies in which Messrs. Golpe and Griffin have not been favourably received, are probably the West India islands, where, as in Jamaica and Barbadoes, parish registers and intramural monuments have preserved some noble or historical surnames, which have had their influence in fostering an aristocratic sentiment amongst the descendants of the earlier colonists, many of whom even now have vague suspicions of their supposed family estates in the mother country having been alienated or escheated by unprincipled Roundheads, while they, the impoverished but true aristocracy

of England, are reduced to the cultivation of sugar and pimento, or a desperate struggle for patronage in the cotton market. These gentlemen of the old school scorn the offers of Messrs. Golpe and Griffin, having themselves in the meantime adopted the arms of the supposed noble interlopers at home.*

The advantages of heraldic registration being admitted, we would not altogether disparage the efforts of Messrs. Golpe and Griffin. If there were no pretentious persons, these heraldic studios would cease to exist. But, on the other hand, it may be asked, 'Why should they not exist?' Although there is something repugnant in the idea of spurious honours, and diplomas which are purchaseable, we should rather censure the customer than the dealer in such commodities. There is deception everywhere—from Redan reputations to the disingenuous imitators of Lamb and Addison, in another field. But Griffin and Golpe are not simply purveyors of a spurious luxury; their influence is undoubtedly felt in art, in domestic architecture, in Berlin worsted work, and perforated book-markers, and their fiat gives employment to the seal-engraver, die-sinker, and to the printer, nay, even to the long-haired gentry of Leicester Square, and still more recently to the poor weavers of Coventry.

If Messrs. Griffin and Golpe entice the worldly pilgrim within the sphere of their gaudy enchantments, and turn their brains with the glamour of fictitious achievements and blazon, we should also bear in mind the light employment which they are the means of affording to delicate fingers, which might otherwise be idle, and that they offer a pleasant recreation to the man of business, who returns daily by the 'bus, from some eastern *terra incognita*, and can afford to speculate on a future equipage of his own. At that moment of weakness, the tempters step in; but in no malignant spirit, and insinuate the uselessness of even attempting to soften

* So called by the late Lord Herbert of Lea.

* A planter in Jamaica was prosecuted for using the arms of the Earl of Galloway some years ago.

the obdurate nature of inflexible 'Portcullis,' or taciturn 'Rouge Dragon,' and their inaccessible masters. At the same time they offer their emblazoned equivalent, at the cost of a week's bus fare; whereas, it is well known, the 'other parties' would scarcely grant ordinary *sable and argent*, even at the price of the tailor's bill of the whole family for a year. Can any one doubt the practical advantages offered by Griffin and Golpe? True; it is scarcely the choice of Hercules; but its results are felt, in the unaltered comfort of our friend's establishment; and then comes the consoling reflection that, if my Lord Belgravia does not patronise Griffin and Golpe's blazon, he at any rate is obliged to them for his linen-markers.

But there is another phase of the question, and, if we are to believe Froissart, there is no reason now-a-days to doubt the propriety of our City friend's heraldic *propensity*, when even the renowned Sir John Chandos was subjected to the rebuke of a French knight for pirating the device on his coat armour. Indeed, many of the armorial bearings now most coveted, were, in the age of the Crusades, considered somewhat plebeian by the great overbearing Norman barons.

The present *sinister* impulse given to heraldry cannot altogether be chargeable on the Griffin and Golpe fraternity. It had probably its origin in the works of such writers as Clark,* Laurence,† and Evans, the two latter of whom, with the most exclusive tendencies, were so eager to put forward their own ideas, that they left fatal breaches through which the Goths of their outer world poured in, and by weight of numbers alone possessed themselves of the mysterious stronghold, altering and adapting it to their own purposes. The busy and matter-of-fact Goths were charmed with their discoveries, and, as they pondered each new-found and quaint device, pregnant motto, or illuminated manuscript, long-headed Griffin and Golpe, observing the novel movement, headed it themselves, by cunningly

devising their new system, by which the symbols of the past might be made a marketable commodity.

Modern heraldry, although in many respects useful to society, has nevertheless done serious injury to a certain class of minds. It is not of such works as those of the present Ulster King of Arms,* for, taken altogether, they are really very useful compilations, that we complain; but there is another class of genealogical works, superbly printed and bound, which invite a perusal, but disappoint the serious reader, when he finds that the contents comprise pedigrees of obscure commoners, who claim a descent from Anglo-Norman, or even Saxon, princes. Conspicuous as a *patriarch* of this strange gentry, appears the ubiquitous Thomas de Brotherton, the source of genealogical honours, which by no means harmonize with the cacophonous nomenclature of many of his *quasi* posterity.

In another work† of the same class, a royal hero's ancestry is carried back, actually and seemingly with confidence, into the night of Scandinavian mythology. For somewhat similar pretensions, the royal house of Stuart suffered severely under the criticisms of Lord Kames. More recently, we have seen the pedigree of Wellesley traced from Edward the Confessor, notwithstanding the able article on the Cowleys or MacColleys, in one of our periodicals; and Haveloke the Dane has been disquieted, and called up to solve the problem of an enthusiast. Such descents, however, are not beyond the pale of possibility, and they have in some measure, as a system, the countenance of the most ancient empire existing, where the process of ennobling is retrospective.

These heraldic studios, then, must be regarded as amongst the necessities of the age in which we live. There is no doubt that they encourage respectability. They may give the first impulse from competence to wealth, and from wealth to rank and honours, and the means

* 'Families descended from the Plantagenets.'

† 'Royal House of Bruce.'

* 'Book of Crests.'

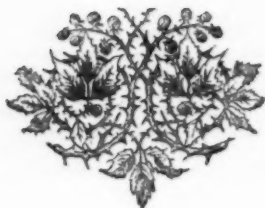
† 'The Nobility of the British Gentry.'

by which such prizes of fortune are won, by stimulating industry, indirectly benefit society, while they gratify a harmless vanity. Moreover, as an assistance (?) to registration, by the incentive that touches the sentiment of self-esteem, heraldry, legitimate, has always been recognised as a useful institution; but it seems that its rules are too oppressive for the present temper of the people; hence their following in such numbers the standard of revolt, under

such able leaders as Griffin and Golpe, with whom, be it clearly understood, we have essayed only a gentle passage of arms, not war, with the steel pen!

N.B.—We found the following answer to a correspondent in one of the weekly papers.

J. J. J.—Letters are not crests; a crest represents a tuft or plume, formerly worn by knights upon the helmet.



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SOME REMARKABLE SERVANTS.



I HAVE been rather fortunate, or unfortunate, perhaps, in having had at various times in my life servants who I think may be considered as remarkable, and I have often thought that a short account of the most curious and eccentric ones might prove amusing.

My earliest recollections, however, of remarkable servants begin with, not one of my own, but one of my father's. Jasper Hibbels—as I write his name his image rises vividly before me—a Wiltshire man, small, with the most hatchet-like face possible to imagine, with legs of a distorted and withered appearance—legs which, as if to show them off, were always clad in the tightest of fawn-coloured smalls; but, with all this lack of outward beauty, with a will that

nobody ever attempted to dispute. He reigned for twenty years as bailiff and coachman, in both of which capacities he considered himself—nay, *was*—perfectly at home. The underlings who left us monthly on account of either his will or his temper are far too numerous to mention. We—that is to say, my brother and myself—feared him with a terror almost amounting to superstition. If we picked apples in the garden he found us out; if we chased the cows he knew of it before night; if we even ventured into the stables for a minute he was certain to appear from some dark corner, uttering terrible oaths, with a mighty coach-whip in his hand. I believe he knew all our movements; indeed, we used to fancy that every other

person in the village was a spy of his: certainly he must have considered that the chief part of his duty was to make war upon us, and nobly did he carry that out. One or two anecdotes of him will show the man's character more plainly than pages of description will. His great delight was a bargain; and as he used to sell our pigs to the neighbouring butchers he had many opportunities of improving that talent.

One day a butcher from the town near us had called to look at a litter of pigs that Jasper had advertised for sale; my brother and I crept down to listen to the bargaining: it began calmly, but soon waxed loud and furious, and ended in the butcher getting into his cart, and preparing to drive off, leaving Jasper boiling with rage at having failed to sell the pigs. At this juncture there emerged from the cottage by the farm-yard Jasper's wife, and she, utterly unconscious of Jasper's defeat, proceeded to give the following magnificent order:—

'Master Butcher, next time you comes will you please bring I twopennorth of the best part of a pig's belly?'

This was too much for Jasper, who, striding forwards, ordered his wife indoors. 'Noa! noa! Barbarn, if he don't buy our pigs of we, we won't ave no meat of he.'

I fear the butcher was not as much affected as he ought to have been at this withdrawal of Jasper's custom, for, whistling to himself, he lashed his horse and trotted off.

I am not sure if it was to this man or not that Jasper sold the wine, but the circumstance weighs still on my conscience. Somehow or other we had become possessed of a quantity—ten dozen, I think—of wine, which, on inspection, proved to be of that delicious description known as 'home made.' What to do with it we were at a loss to know. To drink it was utterly impossible: it gave one a pain in the—waistcoat, to think of such a thing. In this difficulty it ended, of course, in Jasper's being sent for.

'Bin you give it I, I'll sell it for ee.'

He nearly always prefaced his

speeches with this remarkable word 'Bin.' What it meant, to this hour I don't know; but he certainly could not get on without it, and I fancy thought it gave a certain force to his language. The wine was accordingly handed over to him, and he promised that we should not have long to wait for our money. Two or three days afterwards, passing through the yard, I saw a red-faced, stout man hard at work loading his small tax-cart with bottles, which I guessed at once to contain the wine. On going up I found Jasper standing near, smiling, actually smiling amiably, as he watched the bottles stowed away carefully with a layer of straw between each dozen. I looked on, wondering by what means Jasper had induced the red-faced man to become a purchaser. (I may as well state here that I believe he had primed him with a glass of something good, and assured him that all the bottles contained the like.) The labour completed, the man got out of his cart, and began to fumble for his purse, Jasper eyeing him intently, and alarming me not a little by actually favouring me with a wink. The stout man having found his purse, handed over ten shillings to Jasper, who received it quietly, counted it, and then, with an admirably feigned look of surprise, said—

'Be one shillun short, msster.'

'Why, how's that? I've given ee ten shillun.'

'I knows you have; but eleven shillun was the price I agreed on.'

'No, I'm dang'd if 'twere,' says the stout man.

'Very good; take it out agin,' says Jasper. (The cunning rascal had watched the care with which the stout man had packed the bottles, and had calculated that for the sake of one shilling the man was hardly likely to give himself the trouble of unpacking again.) 'Young master here,' turning to me, 'heard I say eleven.'

I had not been even present at the bargain; but, alas! with shame I own it, my fear of Jasper was far too great to allow of my saying anything; so, muttering something, I began to shirk off, not, however,

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before I had heard the stout man ejaculate, 'Well, I'll pay ee; but dang'd if I ever did see such a thing as this,' leaving Jasper chuckling with delight over the extra shilling he had pressed out of red-face.

As I write scene after scene crosses my memory in which Jasper played the 'prominent parts'; but I must pass them over, giving, however, one or two of his more characteristic answers.

The good parson of the village had often been at him, but never with any success. Jasper would listen to him, but never make any comment on whatever he heard. One day, however, the parson having had some occasion for his services, had borrowed him from us, and at the end of the day presented Jasper with half a crown. On receiving it Jasper felt himself bound to say something, and, thinking of all the good advice and exhortation he had received, he thought that most likely something in relation to his own state of mind would be most likely to please the parson; accordingly, with eyes that wandered alternately from the good man to the half-crown and back again, he gave vent, with many hums and haws, to the following profession:—'Well, sir, I'm sure/y, greatly obliged to you,—greatly. Well, sir, afore I knew you, sir, I was precious bad; I'm afraid I feared neither God nor devil. But, lor bless ee, now—(here a long look at the half-crown)—now, sir, *I dearly loves 'em both!*'

At another time, when he was very ill—in fact, his life was despaired of—he was visited by this clergyman. Jasper had a mortal enemy in the village, why, no one knew for certain, but the rumour was that returning home from the fair one night he had encountered this man, and, being a little the worse for liquor, had purchased some calves from him for double their real value. On coming to his senses the next day, and remembering what he had done, he vowed a deadly feud against the lucky vendor for the rest of his life. This enmity was known of by many, and, amongst others, it reached the ears of Doctor B—. Accordingly, the first question that

was asked Jasper on his arrival in the sick-room was, 'Jaspar, have you forgiven Handley?'

'No, sir, I ain't,' in a most dogged tone from Jasper.

'Well, but you know you must. Perhaps you may never leave this room again,' &c., &c.

After much reasoning, Jasper raised his head, and vouchsafed the following reply, which even then savoured somewhat of a bargain, I fear: 'Tell ee what, if I dies I'll forgive un; but if I *don't*, I'll at un again.' And with this I must leave Jasper and pass on to my own first servant, a Madrassee, of the name of Mooneapah. I think he was worthy of being called remarkable. Though not possessing a tithe of Jasper's originality, still he had a kind of wit and humour in him that may perhaps amuse.

The way he came into my service was curious. I was in want of a second servant, and he found this out, and stationed himself outside my garden gate, where, as I went to parade, I always found him salaaming and smiling in a most cheerful manner.

'Who's boy are you?'

'Nobody's, sar, yet, less master like to take me.'

'Well, I'll speak to you when I come back.'

'Yes, sar.'

My other servant was not to leave me for two or three days. When I got back I found Mooneapah still waiting for me.

'Well, boy, come in; now then, where are your characters?'

'Got no character, sar; my next master (this meant his last one) one day done get angry with me and burn them.'

'But didn't he give you any when you left him?'

'No, sar, he forget.'

'Who was your master?'

'Oh, *master* not know him, he live up country far away.'

Altogether, it was a very lame story, and, in addition, the boy looked a rascal; still I had a fancy for him.

'Well, I'll think about it, and when my boy goes you can come and see me again.'

'Thank you, sar; please master advance me four annas.'

Considering I had not engaged him the request was pretty cool.

'No, certainly not; what d'ye mean advance you; what advance?'

'My wage, sar.'

'Why, you're not my servant yet.'

'Same thing, sar; I know master going to take me.'

I was weak and gave him the four annas. Two days passed, and in another my boy was to leave, and nothing had been seen of Mooneapah, when in the evening, after mess, as I was sitting in the verandah of my house, he appeared.

'Please, master, could I speak to master about some business?'

'Yes, of course you can, go on.'

'Please, master, be kind 'noff advance me four annas.'

'Why, you rascal, I advanced you four annas last time.'

'Yes, sar, all gone.'

'Well, that's not my fault; no! be off!'

'Sar, sar, got no rice in belly, sar.'

With a most woe-begone face this was said. Such an appeal was of course too much, I handed over the sixpence. Two or three days afterwards he came into my service and began his duties, and all went well for a short time, till he presented himself before me with the same miserable face that he had put on before. I guessed what was coming, and firmly resolved he should not have another farthing till his month's service was up.

'Well now, boy, what is it?'

Very slowly, and in a whining tone, 'Please, sar, advance—me—four—annas.'

'No!' roared I; 'I won't, get out.'

'Sar, sar, no rice in belly.'

But this time the pathetic appeal entirely failed with 'master,' and I again ordered him to get out. He now suddenly took a cheerful view of the case, and said in a lively tone, 'I make an agreement with master, never ask one cash again for one month if master advance this four annas.'

'Now you know you're telling lies,' said I; then, with an appearance of offended dignity, 'No, sar!

lie, sar! no, I can't do that business, sar. I Christian man, sar, the same caste as master, I can't tell lie.'

'Well, here you are,' and again I was conquered. About a week passed and all was right, when bringing me in some tea in the morning, he said, in the most indifferent and off-hand way, 'Could master, please, advance me four annas?'

'Oh, nonsense, don't come here bothering me with your four annas; why it was only the other day you told me you were a Christian man and couldn't tell a lie, and swore you wouldn't ask me again for a month, eh?'

'Yes, sar,' then, this said with a mixture of cunning and fun that was irresistible, 'Master very clever; he know very well black man never tell truth.'

After that, what answer could be given? and as time passed on, I found him an arrant liar, a handy thief, and a drunkard; but for all that, one of the best servants I ever had. He was very quick, he had a good memory, and always robbed others more than he did me. In camp he was invaluable; my cart with my tent, bed, and etceteras was always one of the first to come up on the camp ground; and had it not been for the continual speculations I could have forgiven him. These, however, were carried on in everything: my money was taken out of my desk; he used to wear my shirts, and once came into my presence with one on, which I recognized directly from the ash of a Vesuvian having fallen upon the front. The bills he used to bring me weekly were a great point of contention. He never mended my things, and was always charging me needles and thread and shirt buttons. Constantly he used to charge me shirt buttons, when we were in the midst of a jungle, where we could hardly procure bread, much less shirt buttons. But it was his fancy: he thought it was a safe item, and thought also, I expect, that no bill looked complete without shirt buttons; but his time was drawing to a close, and I determined to get rid of him at the first opportunity, that is to say, whenever I

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could find any one to fill his place. His time, however, was shorter than I had intended; for one night he was rash enough to creep into the mess-tent and purloin a large piece of what in India goes by the name of 'Europe bacon,' being the bacon sent out in tins. Alas! Mooneapah was watched through a chink in the tent by the mess butler, who, rushing in, seized him with the bacon in his hands. Next day he was ordered to receive fifty lashes from the prévôt-serjeant; but far worse than the lashes was the order that he was to be turned out of camp, which entailed his going back sixteen hundred miles to Madras alone.

'If you are found at any time within two miles of camp you will receive another fifty lashes,' was the order he received.

Well, I fear he deserved his fate, though it was a hard one. He ultimately reached Madras in safety, I believe, where, I have no doubt, he still exists, and continues to lie, cheat, and charge shirt buttons in the same manner.

The next servant, who, I think, may be styled remarkable, was one whom I picked up at a small village in the Jura, called Champagnole, and where I was once snowed up. I used to wander down to the little bridge that spans the mountain stream, about two or three hundred yards from 'La Poste,' and watch the stream, swollen into a considerable torrent, and wonder when the snow would melt; and there I used generally to find a little, sallow man, with long hair and dark bright eyes, who used to smoke, and sigh, and spit in a most amazing manner. I set him down in my own mind either as a musician who had dropped his instrument into the stream, and was bewailing its loss, or as a cook out of place; or, lastly, as a conspirator forming some gigantic plot. Our meetings had gone on for several days without our ever having entered into conversation, when one day, seeing him evidently seeking a light for his cigar, I handed him my fusée box, and from that act commenced our acquaintance, which ended in his entering my service as—I am at a loss to say as what—not

as valet, not as a courier, for he certainly considered himself my equal, if not my superior. I think I had better say as my travelling companion. How this was managed I do not know or understand; but from our constant meetings at the bridge I got accustomed to his society and conversation; and when the coachman appeared one morning to inform me the road was open, I was not in the least surprised to see Giovanni Rica, for that he had told me was his name, helping to load the carriage; and when it came round to the door he helped me in, and mounted on the box without my uttering one word either of approval or dissent. The fact is, I am naturally of an indolent turn of mind, and dread anything like explanations. For anything I knew to the contrary, I might possibly have made some agreement with him during our conversations at the bridge, as he used generally to talk Italian, and I French; in fact, leaning back in the carriage and watching the pine tops below me, still white with dabs of snow; I mentally decided that I must have entered into some bargain with him for his services; but I wondered when it was to end, and how much I should have to pay. We travelled, however, very pleasantly together, till we arrived at Turin, where I began to notice symptoms of uneasiness prevailing in the face of Giovanni. Up till that point, from the moment of his climbing into the carriage at Champagnole, he had quite given up his habit of sighing; on the contrary he was constantly singing, and one night serenaded me with a guitar under the window. When, however, he found out we were bound for Turin his manner changed again; he became dejected and thoughtful, and when I told him I should most likely stop some time at Turin, he muttered something about fate, and hastily left the room. We took up our quarters in that most comfortable of hotels, the *Féder*, and looking around at the luxurious room I was given, and contrasting it in my mind with *La Poste* at Champagnole, I determined to enjoy my ease in mine inn for some days. On the second morning

after my arrival, however, on ringing and asking the servant to let Giovanni know I wanted him, the man, instead of going to do so, stood staring at me, and on my repeating my wish, said, with a perplexed air—

‘Giovanni? The signor will mean his courier?’

‘Yes.’

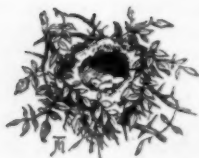
‘Then the signor did not send him to England last night?’

‘Send him to England—no! Explain,’ cried I; ‘what on earth do you mean?’

With many stoppages and shakings of the head the man told me that Giovanni had come into the hotel on the previous evening, looking pale and agitated, and calling for his bill informed the listeners in the yard that his master (who was

comfortably seated at La Scala) had ordered him to leave Turin immediately for England. He then called for his bill, paid it, and walked off to the station, where he was seen by the driver of the hotel omnibus getting into the train for Genoa. I have never seen him since. I have never heard of him. My valuables were safe, not an article missing. More—he had paid his bill. As I write this I feel that I should not be in the least surprised if he was now to open the door, walk in, and begin quietly to brush my coat—more, I feel that I should not have strength of mind enough to ask him what he was or where he had been. What was he? Shall I ever know? Will there be an end to this curious story? That is more than I can say.

WANDERER.



ANSWER TO CHARADE (Page 116).

'POOR fellow! he's married a *blue*.'
 May they never say that, friend, of you.
 That ends your ambitions and hopes,
 Your castles—your 'ladder of ropes'—
 The hymeneal visions of bliss
 That lingered round each stolen kiss;
 Your love-dreams (whatever they may be)
 And the laugh of some innocent baby;
 With all the sweet paraphernalia
 That marriage is sure to entail you.
 And all that soft billing and cooing
 You pictured; and all the re-wooing,
 The soft words, kind looks, and caresses.
 Alas! for such rosy, but very wide, guesses.

'Tis true as the sage Aristotle;
 That the happy (?) man takes to the *bottle*.
 Or when the wind blows for a lecture,
 He's off to Dundreary or Fechter;
 Or perhaps he sits 'boosing' away,
 Trying hard to make night into day.
 So, when he crawls home to his Villa-r,
 The vessel won't answer the tiller.
 While—forgetting all sense of what's proper—
 When he makes the first door-step, cries, 'Stop her!'
 And sleeps—never dreaming he's married—
 Till he wakes up to find he is carried.

Carried? No; it's nearer a throttle,
 That rouses him up to see a *blue-bottle*.
 Then cuff'd and collar'd—away to the station,
 Where, if hungry, he finds a very thin ration.
 Shoved into a cell, lock'd up till the morrow,
 Slowly he empties his deep cup of sorrow.

This was often the fate of a friend that I knew,
 Who fished for an angel, and landed 'a blue.'

M. S. W.

CRICKETANA.

PART VI.

THE ZINGARI, THEIR ORIGIN.—THE GREAT BOWLING QUESTION.—
A FEW WORDS ABOUT SINGLE-WICKET MATCHES.



WILLIAM LILLYWHITE,
(THE NONPAREIL),

THE FATHER OF MODERN CRICKET.

THE Marylebone Cricket Club, therefore, is the great central power, the very balance-wheel of the world-wide machinery of cricket. It affords the 'fair stage and no favour' on which each 'colt' may show his best paces and promising action, and

each candidate for renown set forth his best pretensions. It also keeps up a certain high standard of excellence, so that Oxford, Cambridge, or one of the public schools, may measure their strength against a Marylebone deputation without much

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danger of mistaking the powers of their Eleven.

But the M. C. C. is tied to time and place: its circuit is limited, having 'a local habitation and a name.' The exigencies of the country, therefore, in these railway days required some club of equal strength and standing, but moveable and ubiquitous withal. It wanted an amateur All England Eleven ready alike to flit down for a day's play to Eton, or to cross the Channel, to astonish Paddy in the Phoenix Park, and (as once we heard) to give as much entertainment in one way as they received in another at Vice-regal quarters, and even to bestow on the representative of her Majesty 'the freedom,' no doubt, he sighed for—of the very original (if not the primeval) community and guild of I Zingari.

We need make no apology for commencing the history of this interesting race *ab ovo*, that is to say, from the first conception over a quiet omelette at the Blenheim Hotel, nearly twenty years ago; because, as time goes on, new things become old; and things once familiar, as within the memory of living man, require quite the work of the antiquary to rescue them from oblivion, or, at least, from the vagueness of all traditional lore; and already the origin of the Zingari is to many almost as great a mystery as the ancestry of those erratic tribes whose name they bear. Yes, we have spoken to first-rate cricketers, in the pride of their strength and the maturity of their play, who, when asked about the Zingari, would say, 'They were already a people of renown before we were breeched, if not before we were born.' Already they can number the *Nati natorum*; and we can also confidently anticipate the *qui nascuntur ab illis*.

But we were speaking about the 'freedom of I Zingari.'

As to this 'freedom,' though really gasped for as an honour, even by those who have exhausted all the known glories of the 'Heavens above and the earth beneath,'*—it must not, by any means, be confused with ideas of strict immunity: nay, rather, it savours of the honour of those

* Promise, Stars and Garters.

visits which their Egyptian prototypes are wont to pay, where most hens cackle and most ducks quack. That is to say, they are rather costly visitors: only, since, in the most ruinous depredations of which we have ever known them guilty, their own true and loving subjects have been the sufferers, and most willing sufferers too, the usual pains and penalties of the Vagrant Act, in their case, would hardly fall within the contemplation of any enlightened and liberal legislature. Still, we must admit, many of them have 'no visible occupation,' which is always held suspicious. However, in all wise political economy it is maintained that those who increase the demand must stimulate production, and indirectly add to the supplies; and if so, this illustrious race, pre-eminently *nati consumere fruges*, must be allowed to form a very valuable element in the Commonwealth.

Having gone to the fountain-head of information, we can depose from the book of the chronicles of I Zingari,—that is, 'if they have writ their annals right,'—to the following effect:—

Good cricketers are not often 'cricket *et præterea nihil*;' that is to say, there is generally something in the head when there is so much in the heels, and 'and at the fingers' ends too; and some distinguished cricketers—witness Felix, who had music in his soul and could sing and play exquisitely on some seven instruments, and sketch cleverly besides—some, we say, have been merry fellows, both 'with wit themselves' and also, as Falstaff claimed to be, 'the cause of wit in other men.'

When, in or about 1836, we were ourselves rejoicing in the matches on the Cowley Ground at Oxford—yes, the ground; there was but one, the ground of the Magdalen Club, so called because founded by Mr. Walker of Magdalen College, though it was soon afterwards the club of the University at large—and when, at the same time, every copy of 'Bell's Life' recorded the prowess of certain gentlemen, believed to be practising hard to meet us that year at Lord's;—just then, among

the number of our much-respected opponents, were names since known to fame, Ponsonby, Taylor, Broughton—gentlemen who were the admired of all beholders, with buskin as with bat: for, private theatricals divided their leisure hours with cricket, whence sprung many matches under various names—with dramatic entertainments for the evening, after the usual pastime of the day—and, ultimately, the annual Canterbury meetings, which have now stood the shock of time and the caprice of fashion for the full period of twenty years.

When once you throw great men together, something greater still is ever likely to sparkle and bubble forth. Accordingly, 'one day in the month of July, 1845,' *vera loquor*, F. Ponsonby, S. Ponsonby, R. P. Long, and I. L. Baldwin, good men and true, finding themselves at supper at the Blenheim Hotel, then and there formed a club, christened the same, framed rules, and the following day informed twenty-one of their friends that they had received the distinguished honour of being members of I Zingari.

That there is something truly pure-minded and disinterested in this community, the slightest glance at their laws will prove. With all other societies the first thing you hear is, 'Pay your money;' but with the Zingari, Rule 6 relieves your apprehension, thus—

'That the entrance be nothing, and the annual subscription do not exceed the entrance.'

Nevertheless, though the Zingari treasury does not contain as much as shin plaster, it is duly protected by two secretaries, one chancellor, one liberal legal adviser, and one treasurer and auditor of their financial accounts.

As they savour of such remote antiquity, it were long to trace the achievements and the distinguished honours of the Zingari; we glance only at the earlier members, the auspices under which they started into life. *Quid memorem*, F. Ponsonby, the very Nestor of the strife, whose counsel is still valuable in the tent, though now to the generation

he has tutored many a happy day, in company with another distinguished member, R. Grimston, at Harrow, he may sometimes yield his place in the field; or Boudier, a tower of strength to the gentlemen against the players, after founding 'The Sixpenny Club,' for the lower boys at Eton;—Hartopp, whose stopping was as essential, even as if providentially sent on purpose, lest the bowling of a Fellows should run to waste in the very luxuriance of its strength; and W. Pickering, perhaps never equalled at Cover Point, and prime mover in the arrangement for Eleven of England to visit Canada and the United States.—It runs us out of breath to keep pace with so much greatness, so we beg to stop.

The Zingari have, by this present date, played above 200 matches, and have either won, or had the best of (if unfinished), about two out of three.

We are, therefore—descending now to plain sublunary views—decidedly of opinion that by this time the noblemen and gentlemen of the Zingari are entitled to take substantial rank in the cricket world. Their principle has been to provide the best of amateur play—no professionals, save as umpires, are ever allowed to take part in a Zingari match; and their numbers are annually recruited from the rising talent of the day—as they enact *si bene se gesserint*, meaning, probably, what is written up in some village schools, 'None admitted that don't learn manners.'

This being the case, we must maintain that the Zingari are as much entitled to be consulted as any club whatever—we think more. Let other clubs reckon as the House of Commons, and the Zingari be expected to check precipitate legislation, and perform the part of the House of Lords. On any question of general interest to all cricketers—and, above all others, so vital a question as that of the style of bowling which for the future shall be the practice, as well as the law, of Cricketdom,—the Zingari should certainly have a voice.

Wherefore, at the same time that we proceed to publish our own opi-

nions on this subject, we, with all due deference, hope that I Zingari will undertake maturely to consider and pronounce upon it. Certainly, I Z. matches can always be made on the basis of their own laws.

We are sorry to find that, in answer to an inquiry instituted by a circular from the Marylebone Club, many cricketers have declared in favour of the bowlers being allowed to deliver as high as they please, provided that they neither jerk nor throw.

We say we are sorry, because we see no check or limit to the rough play that will ensue—we shall have two bad things instead of one, both a high delivery and a throw at the same time.

A throw is difficult to define: a thing far too difficult for ordinary umpires to undertake. Wilsher's has always been an undoubted throw—a kind of heave over, while his figure revolved on the ball of his left foot, as the fulcrum of his power. Still, because there was no lash out of the fore-arm, with sudden check at the elbow—because, in short, his delivery was not a throw of one kind—not one man in a thousand could perceive it might yet be a throw of another. And Wilsher might have gone on as long as he pleased if he had only pelted away with his hand a little lower to save appearances.

The case of Wilsher, therefore, shows how little the throw is likely to be detected in practice, when once the hand is allowed to be as high as your hat.

But, suppose that the throw could be generally detected, what is there to prevent a man, when his hand already is at the height, and almost itching for a throw—what is there to prevent his sending in a ball as viciously as he pleases? We remember a case in point: Jackson's delivery is as fair as almost any man's; and Jackson can command his arm too well to be much tempted to bowl high; still, because he could bowl at a furious pace, we remember his being suspected of bowling spiteful, when once he hit Carpenter on the arm with a full toss, no doubt as a fair experiment on the wicket.

And may not any bowler henceforth play spiteful if he chooses, or be suspected when he does not? May not any savage fellow, out of temper at the strong defence of the wicket, indulge his fury by an occasional throw? What is to prevent him? Not always the spirit of fair play: for the All England Eleven have had bitter experience that, in certain latitudes, an umpire stands as if in defence of his own side, and no man will be given out, if there is the least pretence for giving him in. Why, with some of the north-country roughs, if once you let them get their hands in a likely place for a shy, you will have your teeth knocked out before any umpire can interfere.

The gentlemen of the Surrey Club are laudably bent on making their ground so true, as to obviate all danger from rising balls; but cricket is played at Lord's as well as on the Surrey side, and Lord's is often hard as a brick, and as rough as any ground in England. And if this is true of Lord's, what can you expect in provincial matches? Where, but at Canterbury, should you expect good cricket, and what kind of wicket did we find prepared for the matches of the great cricket week in August last?

Let us consider the danger that must attach to the game.—The ball will often rise as high as the face of the batsman, if delivered right over from as high as the bowler's head; and surely we ought not to forget such cases as that of —, a first-rate player, who almost sank from hæmorrhage after a blow of this kind about two years since. A cricketer's pads already are quite ridiculous. Carpenter, at Canterbury, was seriously hurt upon the elbow; and Mr. Felix, at the end of his splendid career, was compelled by the rough ground he played on, to pad even his elbow.

As to the art of padding—all of our young players regard it quite as a primeval cricket institution; as that 'to which the memory of man goeth not contrary.'

Now it is pertinent to the present question to chronicle the fact that it was not the speed of bowling, but

the fly-about uncertainty of it that gave rise to padding. Mr. Budd's cricket dress, representing the fashion of his day, was nankeen knee-breeches and silk stockings, a second pair of stockings being doubled down to form a neat roll, to guard the ankle bone. We never saw him wear a glove of any kind, though we have seen him opposed to Mr. Curran's bowling. He had also played through the days, not only of Browne of Brighton, and W. Osbaldeston—faster than Jackson's—of whom it may be said that they were not encountered very often; but Howard was quite the bowler of Mr. Budd's day, and Mr. Brand bowled very frequently too, and both of these players bowled at a rattling pace; and yet they were ordinarily encountered without pads of any kind.

During our Oxford career, from 1833-6, Mr. R. Price (a name long remembered at Winchester), and a noted Cowley man, old Hoskings, were players who certainly could vindicate underhand bowling from the modern 'term of 'slows'; yet there were not half a dozen pads of any kind to be seen in the tent. The first greave was claimed as an original and knowing invention, by Henry Daubeney (*just!*), remembered by not a few at the present day, one of the freest of the Wykehamist (then the best) hitters and best fieldsmen of all the public schools. By this device he used to stand far more boldly than the custom was to leg balls; and as to the power with which he hit them, he hit Mr. Lowth for a fair seven, near Stonehenge, on ground that in no way favoured the test. At that time (1836) Price was the last remaining representative of the old school of bowling, and from that time pads began to grow in size, shape, and variety; not, we say, because we feared the pace, but simply because no one knew where to look out for what was called round-bowling, but which always was as high or higher than the shoulder. We could mention an old Westminster man, who has now subsided into the financial department of the M. C. C. and the I. Z., who, at Oxford, on the Cowley ground, used to pelt at us most cruelly, till Calde-

court happened to come down there, and called him back. We therefore speak feelingly when we deprecate any recurrence to the custom of carrying matters with quite so 'high a hand.'

No doubt we shall have pads of most ingenious contrivances next season. Though, with pads or without, how any fair player can play his proper game, when his nerves are shaken as they will be by balls flying up as high as his head, will remain for painful experience to reveal.

Add to this, the higher the delivery, the more the uncertainties of the game will be increased by the roughness of the ground—and the very best ground may become rough from the scarifying effect of spiked shoes. And, when about a hundred pounds have been expended on a match, to give some provincial club the benefit of first-rate play, we can picture to ourselves the looks of disgust and disappointment, when manifestly such men as Hayward and Carpenter can do nothing at all—'muffed out' by an easy catch to the point, popped childishly up in the air!

As to rough ground, the All England Eleven once caught sight of a note to this effect:—

'DEAR JEM,

'So I am to bowl for your people against them Englanders. You wants to win, don't you now? Then don't be so stupid as to roll your ground.

Yours,
'C. A.'

We once proposed a law that would leave the question of the ball passing through a wider wicket to be determined by the umpire. The All England men at once exclaimed

That law won't do to travel with. All laws must contemplate unfair play, and leave as little as possible for the provincial conscience to take advantage of.—But we do not think this any sufficient objection.

As to the term *bowling*, it must disappear altogether. With true bowling, the ball can go no faster than the hand is going at the moment that it quits the ball; any increase of pace must proceed from a

sudden check, or jerk, or throw. The term, perhaps, is not worth disputing about, when we have lost the thing; still, the *thrower*, not the *bowler*, should, in all consistency, appear in the next revise of the laws, if it does really rule the 'hand-over-head' delivery. Yes; we must say what we mean, and write thus: 'The ball shall be *thrown*;' 'after four *throws* the umpire shall call, Over.'

We are aware this will not sound well. King John says of those vile creatures, who understood his murderous wishes by his signs, that, had they but made a pause—

'As bid me tell my tale in express words,
Deep shame had struck me dumb.' |

No; folly does not look well in express words. To mirror our thoughts in words, and to see how they look, is rather improving sometimes. Therefore, we call on cricketers to reconsider. Say, How do you like the sound and the look of the measure you are disposed to enact? Will there be any working, spinning, or variety? Will there be anything but pelting in the style proposed? We are aware that, with a high hand, the ball may be made to break back; but this will rarely happen in practice. We shall have tall, strong fellows, pelting down most pitilessly, as mechanically as a catapult, with every ball about the same; and when the batsman is tired of raps on the knuckles, and begins shutting his eyes and throwing his chin up in the air, to avoid the ball in his face, it will be time to make his way back to the tent, and let some other unhappy player (?) have a turn at it. This kind of *play* reminds me of Will Caldecourt, some years since.

One day, on the morning of a great match, when Lord's was in its hardest and roughest condition, as Caldecourt was hurrying past us, evidently very much out of humour, we asked, 'What's the matter, Caldecourt?'

'Adams can't come; and I am ordered to play. Why, sir, I would as soon take my coat off and fight for the knocks I should get, as stand up against Redgate on such ground as this.'

In these remarks we would wish it to be understood that no doubt the existing set of trained bowlers will continue to act like bowlers, with comparatively little variation in the style of their delivery. But we are adverting rather to the bowlers who may be supposed to grow up under the said hand-over-head regulation. As to these, we have already remarked that the young player very soon finds that nature has given him very little muscular power while his hand acts horizontally, and much more power, as well as more command of the direction of the ball, when his hand is high. If so, what style can we expect to result? Can we imagine that the difficulties of the usual wide-arm bowling will be endured at all? Is it not likely that a mere over-hand throw—a kind of pelting with a little mannerism or flourish to disguise it—the hand being raised close to the ear, will be the model of bowling set up for the rising generation?

We have already published a very strong opinion that the style of bowling cannot continue what it is; that is to say, that to bowl with a horizontal arm is contrary to nature, and not one man in a thousand can bring it under command. We did hope to hear that, as the arm by law could not be permitted to be higher, it would necessarily seek precision by bowling lower. We did hope that under-hand bowling (not necessarily *elows*) with the hand rather round, and away from the side, would develop some difficult and effective varieties of bowling, to puzzle the batsman by combining bias with straightness. We thought also this might necessitate a wider wicket; in which case, to avoid the trouble of four stumps, three stumps, with a longer bail, might be used; the question of going through the wicket (which should be made Out) being left to the umpire.

We fully admit that the present position of cricket affairs is perplexing; still, with much deference, we do call upon cricketers to consider whether the alternative we propose is not by much the more promising of the two.

It is easy to talk of awkward

wickets, and to allude—as if that case by any means disposed of the question—to what was called the 'Barn-door Match'—the match suggested by Mr. Ward (whence the match was by some called 'Ward's Folly'), in which the Gentlemen had the advantage of a large wicket to bowl at, as one means of throwing in a make-weight, in their annual contest with the Players. We are well aware that the Eleven Gentlemen then played disgusted and out of heart. The thing was new—most people like the laugh economical, at a neighbour's expense, however ill-timed the laugh may be.

We are therefore disposed to insist on the simple way in which a wider wicket can be produced. Even with three stumps, on some grounds, it is troublesome to make a firm and upright wicket, and four stumps would be tiresome in the extreme: we say, therefore, that the simple introduction of a longer bail, and one question more—the easiest possible unless he is blind—for the umpire, will solve the difficulty at once.

While on the subject of things that will make good or bad for cricket, we will touch on two points more.

1. The single-wicket matches. We see much danger in affairs like that at Stockton last autumn. That Carpenter, Hayward, and Tarrant did honestly beat, and would beat again, should the 'Leviathan' of the sporting world find another son of Æsculapius to meet him, five of the best men of the northern counties, we do not doubt. But, with all honour to the integrity of these players, when thousands of pounds were depending on their hands, and heads, and hearts combined,—still we must presume, as knowing a little of what happened in days—very dark days, gone by—to speak of the probable tendency, and the principle of the thing.

At the present day, no man who ventures his money on a cricket-field, has the slightest suspicion of unfair play. While the power is so evenly balanced, and the talent so much divided as it is in this present state of the cricket world, the game is quite incompatible with heavy

betting. Not only does chance prevail as well as skill, but also, if any men are to be bought, the number required to insure the event is such as to render the attempt ridiculous at double wicket. Certainly it is a bold negative, to advance, yet we think we may say that, for the last thirty years at least, no player can be named who was ever believed to have had money to play to lose.

But in former days, when every great match depended on the honesty of two or three players alone, the betting men frequented Lord's, as Epsom, to make a book, and matches undoubtedly were bought and sold; and, worse still, every professional who missed a catch, or failed to score, felt he was losing his character for honesty as well as play! We have elsewhere* chronicled the doings of these dark days, with the account of one single-wicket match, in which was fought 'a double cross,' men on both sides having been paid to lose; when, at a critical point of the game, the bowler wouldn't bowl straight, so the batsman could not let down his wicket!

We say, therefore, let us have no more single-wicket matches. Such matches will never be made for the love of cricket; for what, then, will they be made? As regards a little variety in one season out of five or six, such matches may be allowed to pass. When the reputed champion of the day, like a Mynn or a Pilch, sends forth a challenge, we may see some reason in the affair; but, as a regular system and common practice, single-wicket matches can only be preferred for gambling purposes, and then, when thousands are laid on the performances of men who live hard all the winter, and are all but penniless at the beginning of each cricket season—and such is the domestic history of not a few professionals—the high character of the game will be compromised, and our cricket grounds will lose half their charm.

We trust, therefore, that every club will discourage these single-wicket matches. As to cricket, there is comparatively no play in them. Certainly, the best points of the

* See 'Cricket Field,' c. vi.

game are left out. No wicket-keeping, little catching, and some of the most brilliant hits forbid to score! We are happy to hear that, on the Surrey ground, any applications are sure to be met with such a reply as will show that one of our great clubs, at least, see the matter in a very plain point of view.

We see various symptoms, on

which we may dilate another time, that the game is becoming too professional for the general interest. Stop single-wicket matches as simple gambling; cry *Barnu* to such matches—discard them as you would any public-house affair, where 'the fools must pay, that the knaves may play,' and one step, at least, will be taken in the right direction.

ARCH ARCHERY.

YOU ask me, darling, why I smile,
And at what pleasant thing:—
My thoughts go back a few months' while,
To the fairest day in spring;
The fairest day, in the end of March;
The sun shone warm and bright;
All blue and bland was the heaven's arch
With its calm clouds soft and white.
And some one said, 'I should like to go
And shoot in this pleasant breeze.'
And I humbly prayed, 'Let me be your bow;
You can bend me as you please.'
And the saucy girl laughed, 'A bow of you!
Oh, a bow of yew must be good:
They say it is tough and strong and true,
Though a grave-devoted wood.'
Over the rolling waves of sward
We lightly skimmed along;
While the larks from the cloud and the azure poured
Freely their first full song.
Then leaf-like came a dropping down,
When their joy through heaven was told,
To the short sweet grass, to the gorse half brown,
Half lit with shining gold.
And I said or thought: Not Dian Queen,
With her quiver and her bow,
A statelier form, a purer mien,
A lighter step could show.
Till we came to a long, lone, quiet glen,
Much loved by the thoughtful sheep:
Before the Flood—or, who knows when?—
It perhaps was a river deep.
There were the targets ready placed,
Right gorgeous to behold;
With their red rings, blue rings, white rings graced
Around the central gold.
And there our mighty match we shot,
Like eager volunteers.
Hit we the mark, or hit we not,
What merry laughs and jeers!
Gaily we tripped along the glen,
Between the targets two,
With riant races, now and then,
For arrows in the dew.

Oh, arch was she with her blush and smile,
 And arch was I, I ween;
 But the archer archest all the while
 Was shooting there unseen.
 Swift, swift and keen his arrows flew,
 Well aimed at either heart;
 And pierced the poor things through and through,
 With a strange delicious smart.
 Well—when the match was fairly done,
 Who triumphed, she or I?
 We both had lost, we both had won;
 It ended in a tie.



For that third archer, we agreed,
 Alone should judge our case;
 And thus he solemnly decreed,
 With wisdom in his face.
 'You—maiden of the witching eyes,
 You—happiest of men;
 Must share the honour and the prize,
 Nor ever strive again.
 'For thus on either I bestow
 The meed that fitteth well:
She is the mistress of the beau,
He bears away the belle.'

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Drawn by Marcus Stone.

"OUR HONEYMOON."

[See the Story.]



THE WINDMILL

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OUR HONEYMOON.

‘ALPHONSO, dear, now you have a few leisure hours, do write something for “London Society.”’ This is the constant burden to the sweet melody of my honeymoon. At every new place of rest, whether by the sad sea waves or on the cheerful downs of Downshire, as soon as we are settled my gentle and most loving wife (this is only the first week of our mutual bondage) breaks forth into that one murmur, ‘Do write something for “London Society.”’

Poor, infatuated dear one! she has married a literary man, that terrible nondescript in social life, and she is already pulling the strings to make him dance. When the hotel bills are more extravagant than usual, I am sure her firm belief is that I have only to forward my MS. to Fleet Street to receive by the following post a cheque sufficient to meet all difficulties. When I am dull, she advises me to write a tragedy; when cheerful, she thinks a book of lyrics, knocked off in a morning, would make a reputation. She reminds me, in a very encouraging and patronizing manner, of what I *have* written; and as she regards the above-named periodical as the ganglionic reservoir of all that is excellent in light literature, she naturally desires me to appear in her favourite pages; and when I say, ‘But, darling, it is very easy to offer, but not so easy to be accepted,’ she makes a sly allusion to other offers and other acceptances. Then, when I tell her the sea air makes me lazy and stupid, she proposes to post inland, and to give up our lodgings for the sake of this said something in ‘London Society.’ In fact, whether waking, walking, winking, or working, the sole accompaniment of each and all is this one refrain; so, out of revenge for her dear persistency, I have resolved to indite the true history of our honeymoon, and, as a refinement of cruelty, I mean to make her my amanuensis, though she declares, with an emphasis on the second syllable of the word, that it

is impossible for a lady to perform in that rôle.

The merry bells had pealed their parting salute, the uncle, with the bow of his cravat under his ear (suggestive of the excellence of the Clicquot), had said his last say; the servants stood in the hall, expecting additional gratuities from every one; and the cook and the housemaid had cast an old slipper in the barouche; when off we rolled from the paternal roof, and started for what is termed sometimes, upon the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, the ‘honeymoon.’ Being very happy, of course we were very foolish, and selected a town on the railway where every accommodation had been bespoke by a body of City gentlemen, called ‘Ventnors,’ whose office, I have since understood, is to catch the young swans on the river, and to file a ridge on their tender beaks, so that they may be duly recognized and claimed by the civic magnates as their especial property. In fact, instead of being writers to, they are writers on, the cygnet; and each individual man (not bird) is known by a carpet-bag, and a swan’s feather stuck in his hat. Whether they cry ‘all macaroni,’ is a point I have not yet determined. These curious bipeds are called ‘swanhoppers;’ and if I am mistaken as to their avocation, or speak in an unbecoming manner of their occupation, I am sure, judging by their good-tempered faces, they will forgive me, especially when I tell them that they turned my blushing bride and myself out of every hotel in the town of Raindeu. There was a mystery about each individual landlord, as he rubbed his hands and exclaimed, ‘Sorry, sir, we have not a room to spare, sir,’ which suggested all sorts of horrible ideas to my mind. Notwithstanding our numerous packages, especially a black box, of which more anon; and, as I hope, the very respectable appearance of myself and my beloved, I began to have serious doubts whether her

bonnet and dress were not a little too *prononcé*, more especially when, on one occasion, the landlady herself came and made her excuses for the want of accommodation in rather a bounce-about and turn-up-nose style of manner. At all events, there *was* some peculiar circumstance which guarded our entrance into the hotels. At length the truth came out: a waiter more good-natured than the rest, taking compassion upon our being waiters also, explained that a swarm of swanhoppers had settled upon the garden of our longed-for Hesperides. Nothing, then, was left for us but to retrace our steps, my poor companion, as I believe (though she denies the impeachment), devoutly wishing herself back in her father's halls. However this might be, and many frowns and poutings were the result of my opinion, we were obliged to make a retrograde movement, and, returning by the same train which had deposited us amongst the conservators of the Thames, we reached a fine and commanding town, situated at the foot of a royal castle; and as we drove up to one of the principal hotels our misfortunes seemed to be at an end. The fates, however, had evidently during the day got up an especial quarrel with Hymen, and, revenging themselves on his disciples, made matters as unpleasant as possible. In fact, I began to have serious doubts whether my darling Jemima was not an old, or, more dreadful still, a new flame of Jupiter, and that Juno, according to her ancient jealous propensities, had sent some malign emissary, if not with the Brize's sting for my Iô, at least with the irritating prickles of small *contretemps*. With flurry and bustle, when our packages were taken from the fly and placed in the passage, the chambermaid showed us into a dingy dormitory, smelling of dust and of that triple odour of closeness which drives me from a house sooner than a stronger smell of downright, honest rascality. The livery stables at the back, it is true, subscribed their sweets to the general smell of the place, but then one knew at once what that meant; but the sort of odour suggestive of un-

dusted ledges, carpets never taken up, windows never opened, feather-beds never picked, bed-ticking never cleaned, curtains never taken down, together with a slight, sickly effluvium, of a nondescript sort, redolent of scarlet or typhus fever — this odour, I say, always drives me from an abode with an alacrity proportioned to my disgust; but, upon this especial occasion, I backed out of sleeping in such an atmosphere with the best grace I could; though, notwithstanding my polite and bland smile, when our baggage was seen to make a retrograde movement, the landlady muttered something about people giving themselves airs, and declared that no less than six royal personages had slept in this identical chamber on different occasions, when all the beds were occupied at the castle. I have generally observed that those goddesses who preside over the destinies of hotels under the terrene denomination of landladies, evince a peculiar dislike to wayworn travellers of their own sex who look jaded and completely knocked up. If the sin of being pretty is added to fatigue, it makes matters worse, and nothing save a valet and a lady's maid in the rumble smooths out the wrinkles of their injured feelings. After a further series of small annoyances, we at length found a harbour of refuge; and though the breakfast in the morning was so questionable that the urn hissed at it in disapprobation, the white table-cloth, and a vase of flowers upon it, suggested a little act of kind attention on the part of the authorities for which we were extremely grateful. Thinking ourselves safe for at least a day or two, it was entirely without trepidation that we asked the waiter the cause of the sudden noise and bustle in the hotel; and I need not describe our sensations when he replied, 'It's the swanhoppers, sir, have come up from Maidenhead; and missus forgot to say, sir, that all the beds were engaged to-night, and if you could, sir, let us have your room, sir, before twelve o'clock, the gents will be very much obliged indeed, sir.' Yes, positively, again we were routed out by these same peripatetic philoso-

phers, who, as the reader can now understand, had been looking after certain bills (possibly over dew) presentable at the bank of the Thames.

I can laugh now, and make an equivocal *bon-mot* at my own expense; but it was no laughing matter then, and, to add to my discomfort, I had by this time discovered that every fresh departure involved the necessity of my repacking a certain huge, black, cottage-like looking box—one of those French manufactured articles which hold parcels in the roof and attics—a great favourite of my wife's, and which she declared at starting would hold 'everything'—and so it did, in the same way that a large houseful of furniture can be stowed away in one lumber-room by dint of placing one article on the other, without the least regard as to what may be required first. I consider myself a fine hand at unpacking, but I acknowledge it seemed to me a stupendous effort at calculation, combined with physical power, to get the same things back again into the box out of which they came. In the innocence of her dear heart, my *Jemima* had given her maid a month's holiday, with instructions to join us at the end of that time. Never was there such a stumble on the threshold of the *lune-de-miel*; and oh! ye happy partakers thereof, who start on Love's pilgrimage with the belief that an especial Providence watches over your erotic course, take warning from what we suffered, and enlist in your service a man, woman, child, or machine who, or which, can pack a lady's travelling box, especially when it is of such dimensions as to hold 'everything.' When the swanhoppers, therefore, drove us again to our packages, I groaned like the camel, as I knelt to my task, and nothing but the sweet temper of my companion in misery kept me up while the labour kept me down.

The west of England being our destination, away we went some two hundred miles on that celebrated railway which, like a knight of old, has earned its 'spurs' somewhat dearly, as the recent 3 per cent. dividends suggest. Heartily wishing

myself the secretary, to serve such generous directors as evidently direct the affairs of the G. W. R. C., downward, myself and my bride were whisked—not downward towards *Nadir*, as though I were carrying off *Proserpine*—but downward on the line, arriving safely at our destination.

Oh! the delight of the pure country, the scented hedge-rows, the cottages covered with clematis and roses, the corn fields brown with basking in the autumnal sun, the twittering of birds, the tinkling of sheep bells, the lowing of cattle, the murmuring of streams, the hum of bees, and the indescribable sound of the still, sweet air of which *Humboldt* discourses so finely! And oh! gentle reader, the horror of those curious and detestable occupants of the fields called *ricinise*, or harvest bugs! They attacked us at once, the right and the left of us, the high and the low of us, and the thirty-two cardinal points of us; while as a memento of their skill in tunnelling in our epidermis, they erected little white hillocks to their own honour, which *Scratch* himself was unable to remove. An Indian padre declared to me they were only second in annoyance to mosquitoes, and that they give us Europeans a very fine flavour of the prickly fever. At length in despair I proposed to my darling *Jemima*, who afforded them a more dainty repast than myself, to go forth again into the corn fields, so that a fresh batch of the wretches might attack us, and eat up their brethren, the preoccupiers of the soil. She, however, declined *in toto* this ingenious remedy of piling insectine Pelions upon Ossas, and goes about telling her friends that I declared I went to bed in Devonshire and got up in Wales! This, however, is her own little joke, which she has affiliated upon me, so please be merciful to a bride's first and terrible attempt at a *bon-mot*. The innocent recreations of these little insects at length drove us to the coast, to be there preyed upon by the larger and more voracious animals of the same genus, which *Linnaeus* forgot to classify as '*landsharkus-horridus*,' or letter of lodg-

ings. Having heard much of the beauty of the north of Devon, we thought we would pay a visit to the sea anemones there abounding, and accordingly the black cottage was again in request, and again I had to go through the ordeal of furnishing it. Delightful walks and drives, donkey riding, blackberries, pretty human zoophytes, bad living except on a Saturday, the worst hotels in England, and a lugubrious band of music, were, I should say, the characteristics of this place: but as I was fully determined that the 'black cottage' should be invalid, at least for a week, I took lodgings for that period, having first had my eye upon certain large hanging closets which I hoped might contain all the furniture of the cottage, if properly stowed away. To this day I am not quite certain whether the landlady let it to a bachelor, as an extra bedroom; or if a little too small for this purpose, I cannot conceive a more comfortable and convenient bathing machine. The chief peculiarities of our landlady we soon discovered to consist of a considerable irritability of manner, unless we pic-nicked on the crags every day, instead of dining at home; and her chief strength lay in the fact of her having kept lodgings for twenty years. She drew this stern truth from its scabbard whenever any little matter of complaint arose; but in common justice I must add that we were well used, on the whole, in this lady's abode, and that she mitigated the miseries of the commissariat as much as possible. Such beef! *Iō Apollo*, how tough! It required bastinadoing before roasting; and when you attempted to eat it, the act of mastication was turned into the mere act of worrying it. And the mutton! such a tallow, sickly taste! And when you entered a butcher's shop, you were sure to find the butcher's boy busily employed in scrunching hundreds of flies on the backs of the sheep with a piece of flat leather, turning their skins into speckled monstrosities, some resembling a gigantic currant dumpling.

The only remedy against absolute starvation, unless you happen to

possess the digestion of a *nisi-prius* lawyer, is to deal with the women who come to your doors from the various farm-houses scattered inland; for they generally bring good poultry and vegetables, dairy-fed pork, and excellent fruit. At the expiration of one week's sojourn at Coombe Ilfra, we resolved to take the steamer to Toulon, that exquisite place of hills and woods, where the meeting of the waters is like the marriage of two loving Undines, who both before and after their union manage to make a considerable splash.

There was but one waiter at the hotel where we stayed; and as the coffee-rooms and all the private sitting-rooms were full, the nature of the attendance can be well imagined. However, we soon adopted a plan for obtaining better service, at once ingenious and successful. When I wanted any little matter which the waiter ought to have brought, I retired to our sleeping apartment, and, ringing for the chambermaid, ordered what we required in the bedroom. I regretted we were not able to pursue this course with regard to our dinner; but the nature of the waiting in respect to this important meal produced one good result: the first course served us for dinner, and by the time the sweets were placed on the table they served us for supper; so we retired to repose with the conscious pride of a young couple having perpetrated their first piece of economy.

Two or three days at this beautiful place entirely satisfied us; for though there was much to be seen in the daytime, there was nothing, save the stars, and the moon flirting with a cloudy mask before her face, to be seen at night; and *Jemima* having taken refuge in an old topographical dictionary, the grease on which would, I verily believe, have burnt brighter than the candles, I felt, I confess, rather happy at the idea of departing, and the evening of the next day found us once more amongst the harvest bugs of Somersetshire.

I have not alluded to the fact that, during our two movings, the

nuisance of the black cottage had arrived at a culminating point, and my powers of forbearance were exhausted. But how to rid myself of the incubus was the question; for, of course, my darling *Jemima's* feelings were to be respected, and I held council with myself as to how the matter could be managed. It so happened that at this juncture a pitying Fate came to my aid, for a friend of ours, little imagining the boon he conferred, begged our acceptance of a large Newfoundland dog—at least so the generous donor called him, but my opinion was that *Stingo*—for that was his name—was of no especial country, or calling, or race, except *Mongrelia*. I confess at first I was somewhat averse to receiving *Stingo* to board and lodge with us, for he was one of those great shaggy fellows, suggestive of an unknown consumption of animal food *in presenti*, and of hydrophobia *in futuro*. The happy idea, however, flashed across my mind of making *Stingo* the means of freeing me from the thralldom of the black cottage, and I proceeded at once to take the necessary steps towards accomplishing this great desideratum. Making business my excuse for a day's run over to Exeter, I purchased some excellent lady's travelling paraphernalia, and without imparting the fact to my darling *Jemima*, I placed the said trunks in the custody of the village carpenter, with whom I had formed an alliance, offensive and defensive.

The date being now fixed for our departure, the whole of the day previous was to be devoted to 'packing up,' and early in the morning *Jemima* ordered the black cottage from the lumber-room.

'Oh, if you please, ma'am, I can't find the box nowhere, ma'am,' was the answer of our good little abigail, when requested to aid the man who cleaned the boots and shoes, in bringing down my *bête noir*.

'Not find the box!' exclaimed my wife. 'Why, what can have become of it?'

'Oh, it's been overlooked, *Jemima*,' said I, 'or perhaps Mary entered it without knowing, and mistook it for the attic itself—eh, dear?'

'I'll box your ears, sir, if you plague me so about my beautiful French trunk. But, Mary, where can it be?'

'Well, ma'am, I can't say, ma'am, but they've stolen a lot of silver spoons at Squire'—

'Stolen! What nonsense, Mary! but at all events the box *must* be found, for it is the only one I travel with.'

Whereupon poor Mary goes off to make further inquiries, and *Jemima* turns to me and says, 'Is it not strange about my box, dear?'

'Very, my love,' I replied; but as I did so I fear there must have been a wicked twinkle in my eye, for my bride exclaimed—

'Well, you know, dear Alphonso, if you have played me any trick, here we must remain for a week at least, for this is not a place to buy a travelling trunk in, especially such a beautiful, roomy one as mine.'

'The skipper of the steam vessel will lend us his sea-chest, dear.'

'Nonsense, Alphonso! Now I am sure you must have hidden my box.'

'No, 'pon honour, *Jemima*; I can see it at this moment.'

'Oh, my! what a wicked story!'

'I can indeed, love.'

Upon this *Jemima* looks all round the room, her great eyes earnest with a superstitious belief in my words, and yet compelled to credit her own senses, for certainly the box was not *in* the room.

'I swear I can see it, *Jemima*.'

At this moment Mary burst into the room, and began eagerly exclaiming, 'Oh! if you please ma'am'—

'Mary!'—with stentorian voice I pronounced the word, and Mary stood mute and hesitating at the door—'Go to Hammerhead, down in the village, Mary, and tell him we want the travelling-boxes.'

Upon this Mary decamped, sniggering.

'What does all this mean, Alphonso? You surely—no, I am sure—you would not have injured my favourite travelling-trunk—and this our honeymoon too!'

'No, dear, I have not destroyed it; on the contrary, I have converted

it into a most useful article. Come to the window, and judge for yourself.

With this I placed my arm lovingly round my wife's little waist, and bade her look in the direction I indicated, just under the window, in a sort of forecourt. As she followed my directions, she gave such a screech as I have not heard for many a long day, save in the railway; and well it was no worse, for two large paws and a black muzzle protruded from the black cottage, which, in truth, made the most perfect kennel imaginable, for it only needed that the carpenter should cut out an arched doorway at one end to be in shape, dimensions, and appearance perfectly suited to the requirements of Stingo, who now, enjoying his *otium cum dignitate*, lay in it perfectly unconscious of the sensation he created.

'There's a splendid kennel for Stingo, *Jemima!*—why, what's the matter?'

From *Jemima's* expression of face I was not quite sure whether our first domestic broil was not on the gridiron of passion, ready for serving up; but a sense of the ludicrous overcame all else; and as Stingo at that moment roused himself up, walked leisurely out of his habitation, and gave a yawn such as I

never saw equalled save by Hippo,' when he shows *his* cavern of coral in the Zoological Gardens, *Jemima* burst into a long and hearty laugh, which I could only stop by resorting to means which I decline here to explain.

My good ally Hammerhead received as a present at my hands the kennel, and Stingo as residuary legatee; and I have very grave suspicions that poor doggy was ultimately fed upon glue and sawdust; but of course this was only a surmise never clearly elucidated.

The new packages were found all that could be desired, especially a flat imperial, though if ever an article was in the least degree rumpled, my darling bride did not fail to expatiate with fond regret on the merits of the transmuted box, and she would, I believe, have bribed Hammerhead to a restitution of the object of her affections, had it not been that I ventured to hint that the personal odour of Stingo might, if the kennel were reconstructed into her travelling-trunk, taint with Stingo perfume the apparel of my beloved, and that a garment smelling, however slightly, of the scent of Newfoundland, would not be of that romantic nature demanded by the exigencies of a honeymoon.



THE NEW PLAYHOUSES, AND THE NEW PLAYS IN PARIS.

ALTHOUGH they may not manage all things better in France than we do, it is understood that they excel us in the construction of public buildings; and as theatres are public buildings to all intents and purposes, for they are buildings intended for the public, and as the best plan for the erection of theatres is a subject discussed pretty often, it is interesting to inquire how far our ingenious neighbours have met the outcry for increased comfort and accommodation in the three new arenas that have so recently reared their stuccoed stories upon the Place du Châtelet. Our limits will not permit us to enter into an architectural description of the beauties or defects of either the new Cirque, the new Lyrique, or the new Gaieté. We therefore intend to take them entirely from the auditors' point of view.

And here we must acknowledge our obligations to Monsieur Ernest Fillonneau, who has devoted considerable attention to the subject in the '*Revue Française*.' M. Fillonneau objects—and we entirely agree with him—to the general aspect of the Châtelet and the Lyrique as being more like temples erected to Industry, and not to Art; and tells us that this defect is not the fault of Monsieur Davioud, the architect, but is attributable to the necessity of the revenue exacted by the authorities, which compelled him to construct at the sides of the theatres '*des boutiques avec entresols*,' and above them '*des appartements à location*.' At the Lyrique the best places are reached in the usual way, by broad staircases; and the only special improvements noticeable are that ladies can wait for their carriages in an elegant salon, instead of shivering in a draughty, damp, and dreary vestibule; and next, if indisposed to listen to the opera, the visitor can lounge on a sofa, or in a comfortable arm-chair, by the fire in the '*salon de conversation*.' In size the Lyrique is nearly equal to the

Comédie Française, and will hold about 1500 spectators. The seats are ranged in balcon, first and second loges, a gallery, an amphitheatre; and those hideous nuisances in French theatres—*avant scenes*—an accommodation for which, we have happily, no equivalent in English.

The front of the house is illuminated in a manner entirely novel to those playgoers who have not yet visited the Theatre Royal, Westminster, as the new lessee has rechristened our popular Astley's. Not a jet or a globe of gas disturbs the auditor's vision. The light comes from the dome, and is filtered through ornamented glass by a powerful reflector. The audience, therefore, breathe no gas; and the atmosphere is pure.

The ventilation, as well as the illumination, was the subject of a special commission, nominated by the Prefect of the Seine. Conduits for the re-entrance of air communicate with the dome; and the fresh air is warmed by two calorifiers, so arranged as to act either together or separately. The air is distributed over the house by means of open scroll-work round the footlights, which forces the air from the actor to the audience, and so utilizes it as an acoustic agent. There is also similar open scroll-work round the proscenium.

The Théâtre du Châtelet—the Cirque—is a much finer one than the Lyrique, and is capable of containing 3000 persons. Its capacity in this respect was often tested during the run of the famous '*Rothomago*,' as it is now for the equestrian spectacle described at the end of our paper. Here the lighting and the ventilation are managed in the same way as at the Lyrique, with some modifications. The stage of the Châtelet is as large as that of the Opera in the Rue Lepelletier, and, says M. Fillonneau, '*presents resources unknown until this day*.' Enormous scene-docks and a glazed

courtyard or annexe, at a vast distance from the footlights, permit the scenic artist to realize any flight of fancy. It only needs the brush of Mr. William Beverley to convert it into a fairy dell, a submarine grotto, an elfin lake, a pixy haunt, a flowery prairie, or the beatific bower of the languid lotus-eater. The Théâtre du Châtelet, continues our authority, suffices to secure the reputation of M. Davioud.

The Gaieté is in the Square des Arts et Métiers—for they have squares in Paris now—and was built by M. Cusin. It will hold about 2000 people, and, allowing for the difference of size and situation, its internal arrangements present no marked difference to its sister-edifices, the Châtelet and the Lyrique.

The seats in the new theatres are large, soft, and commodious—they are arm-chairs in fact as well as in appearance; there is plenty of room for the man endowed by nature with long legs, so that he can sit and watch the play in comfort, without either putting his knees upon one side or doubling up his discomforted limbs as if they were appendages he was anxious to get rid of. Ladies in the amplex of evening costume—although Frenchwomen are not encased in so enormous a breadth of crinoline as our fair countrywomen—would not find their silks and satins bulging out in their own and everybody else's way. A footstool is placed near each chair—a convenience of which the ladies almost invariably avail themselves. The seats of the arm-chairs rise as the visitor rises: they are constructed with a strong spring, and double up to the back of the seat, and so allow the occupier to stand back, as it were, in his chair, and allow those with tickets for the same row to pass: this comfort, though, has its corresponding compensation. The seats are of the newest, and the springs are of the strongest; and, until you become used to them, you feel as if you were riding side-saddle on a fiery charger, which you are in momentary expectation of throwing you, or seated on a padded bomb-shell, that may explode immediately.

But even with this—we cannot say drawback—with this prospect of sudden and rapid ascent, the playgoer sits, his knees at liberty, unconscious of those plagues of civilized life, his coat-tails; breathing pure air, without olfactory unpleasantry; his eyes undazzled by the glare and smoke of chandeliers; in a temperature carefully regulated; without the fear of the box-keeper disturbing him, or the black looks of the lady sitting next him. To such an extent is the comfort of the visitor provided for, that at the Châtelet, when, at the conclusion of an act, the stage is filled with the smoke of a hundred guns, he is unconscious of the taste of gunpowder; and when the curtain rises for the following act, a well-arranged system of currents of air has cleared away the vapour, and the stage is cloudless.

But our friends in France must not be allowed credit for an invention not their own. Although they have improved upon it, the new system of lighting, ventilating, and seating has been some time practised in America, and was originally inaugurated at the Opera House in the once gay but now ill-fated city of New Orleans.

As Frenchmen cannot discuss politics in their own houses, or in the cafés, it is a great treat to them to hear public affairs hinted at, and parties and public men defended and satirized at the theatres. Hence the extraordinary excitement created by 'Le Fils de Giboyer,' which was produced on the 1st of December last. The author, Monsieur Emile Augier, is a member of the Academy. Originally an Orleanist, then a Republican, he is now a Bonapartist: but through all these changes of opinion, which are not uncommon in France, he has always been a thoroughly liberal man, and the *bête noir* of that party which, headed by M. Veuillot, is called by its enemies 'Les Clericaux.' The hatred between M. Augier and M. Veuillot is of long standing. Some years ago M. Veuillot attacked Pigault Lebrun. M. Augier, whose wife is a direct descendant of Lebrun, conceived that the dead author's me-

memory had been assailed, and challenged M. Veuillot. M. Veuillot's reply to M. Augier's invitation to the duel was, that his religion forbade him to shed blood; and, as no swordsman, he he ever so accomplished, can fight by himself, the encounter did not take place.

There was quite a fight about 'Le Fils de Giboyer.' No sooner was it known that the comedy was the vehicle of an attack upon the clerical party, than that party made interest with the empress, and the production of the piece was prohibited. M. Augier had an audience with the emperor, and requested his Majesty to read his play, assuring him, at the same time, that it contained no attack upon religion. It is not impossible that M. Augier may have added that his comedy abounded in hits at his royal master's enemies, and in speeches defending his policy. It was a difficult position for the emperor: he must either disoblige the empress or lose a means of furthering his policy and popularity. He acted with unusual astuteness, and did not read the piece at all, but said, 'M. Augier, I am convinced that a man of your tact and talent would not write anything that would compromise me in giving your piece permission to be played. I will, therefore, only pray you to read over your piece again carefully, and if any sentence should strike you as being too violent, to erase it.' The happy author quitted the imperial presence, and altered the title of his piece from 'Les Clericaux' to 'Le Fils de Giboyer.'

All these things being known and understood, the excitement of the Parisian public on the first night of the representation of the comedy that the empress had prohibited, and that the emperor had permitted, can be easily imagined. Prince Napoleon, who entertains for M. Augier the strongest personal friendship, was known to be loud in praises of the new play, and Paris was rife with canards as to the misunderstanding between the empress and the emperor on the vital, political, and polemical question of M. Augier's comedy. The most absurd

reports floated from ear to ear, and even the little Prince Imperial came in for his share in the description of the Tuileries family row.

It must not be supposed that the 'Fils de Giboyer' rests its claims to distinction solely on the fact of its having been prohibited; on the contrary, apart from the present political situation, and with two or three personal 'hits' omitted, it is an excellent, well-written, and interesting comedy, as a brief description will prove to our readers. We shall facilitate our *précis* by a copy of the playbill, to which we have taken the liberty of adding a description of the relations of the personages to each other:—

LE MARQUIS D'AUBERIVE	M. Sanson.
LE COMTE D'OUTREVILLE	
(his distant relative) . . }	" Laroche.
M. MARÉCHAL (a bourgeois millionaire) . . }	" Procost.
M. CONTURIER DE LA	
HAUTE SARTHE . . }	" Mirecourt.
LE VICOMTE DE VRIL-	
LIÈRE }	" Verdelliet.
LE CHEVALIER DE GER-	
MOISE }	" Raymond.
LA BARONNE PFEFFERS	Mme. Arnould
(a widow) }	Plessy.
MADAME MARÉCHAL (M.	
Marchal's second wife) }	" Nathalie.

All these noble ladies and gentlemen are Clericaux, Anti-Imperialists and Faubourg-Saint-Germanites. The only other characters are

GIBOYER (a hack writer for the Press) . . . }	M. Got.
MAXIMILIEN (his son) . . }	" Delannay.
and	
FERNANDE MARÉCHAL }	
(a daughter of M. Marchal and his first wife) }	Mlle. Favart.

The first act occurs in the study of the Marquis d'Auberive. The marquis is a high-spirited old gentleman, and, as he is a widower and childless, desires to leave his titles and estates to his young kinsman. The Baronne de Pfeffers calls to inquire after the health of the convalescent marquis. The character of the baronne is presumed to have a certain likeness to Madame Swet-

chine, a lady who opens her salons to the party so strongly satirized by M. Augier. The baronne is a tall, grand lady, dressed in black velvet and furs, and will be best described as a fashionable Jesuit. The marquis and the baronne converse about 'the party,' and are pathetic upon the subject of the death of the editor of their principal organ. This editor, called in the comedy Deodat, is recognized by the public to mean M. Venillot. The marquis informs the baronne that he has found a worthy successor of 'ce pauvre Deodat'—a cynical, virulent, diabolic pen, that spits and splashes; one who, for a moderate remuneration, would pelt his dead father with epigrams, and eat him afterwards for five francs more. The conversation then turns upon the orator to be chosen to lead the campaign that is to be commenced against the University, and the marquis declares that his choice has fallen on M. Maréchal. The baronne objects to his incompetence. The marquis replies that they have no need of an eloquent man, since the party supplies the orators. 'M. Maréchal can read as well as another, I assure you,' says the gay old cynic. The Comte d'Outreville is announced, and appears in the person of a young man in clothes of a provincial cut, whose mind has been carefully trained and clipped by the pruning-knife of a provincial priest. The marquis is rather disgusted with his heir, who is deeply smitten with the mature charms of the baroness, who, on her side, is mightily stricken with the young count's armorial bearings. The count is intended as a type of that class of aristocrat which permits their priest and party to rule them entirely in affairs of the smallest as well as of the greatest importance. The baroness takes her leave, and the count is sent by his noble kinsman to his tailor. M. Maréchal is the next visitor, and he is delighted with the honour conferred on him of being the 'Vendean of the Tribune' for the party. Maréchal is a gross, stupid, good-humoured bourgeois millionaire, who can be purchased by ministering to his vanity.

The dialogue that ensues is the perfection of the dialogue of comedy, terse and sparkling:—

MARQUE.—'Are you sure that there remains no drop of liberal virtue in your blood?'

MARÉCHAL.—'Can you doubt it?'

MARQUIS.—'Have you completely renounced Voltaire and all his pomps?'

MARÉCHAL.—'Don't mention the monster's name to me. 'Tis to him and his friend Rousseau that we owe all our misfortunes. Until their doctrines are dead and buried, nothing is sacred; one cannot even enjoy one's fortune in peace and quietude. We must have a religion for the people, Marquis.'

MARQUIS (*aside*).—'Since he is no longer of the people himself.'

MARÉCHAL.—'I will go further. There must even be a religion for our class. Let us return to the faith of our fathers. The Revolution can never be considered at an end until we have destroyed the University—that detestable haunt of Philosophy.'

M. Maréchal is then informed that his great opening speech will be written for him. This is intended as a hit at M. Keller, who is a furious legitimist, and whose discourse was known to have been prepared for him by M. de Montalembert. Maréchal says—

'If it needs but courage and conviction, why—but the world will know that the speech is not my own?'

MARQUIS.—'Not unless you reveal the fact yourself.'

MARÉCHAL.—'I hope you don't think me capable of such treachery. To you I confess my weakness—I am in love with glory.'

MARQUIS.—'Tis the passion of great souls.'

Maréchal, the patronized, the promoted and delighted, is dismissed. M. Giboyer is ushered in. Giboyer is the great character of the play. He represents the purchasable press, full of talent, but without conscience. He hires himself to the Clericaux, and is engaged to pen M. Maréchal's oratorical thunder. Though his public life has been entirely unprincipled, Giboyer is a man of the tenderest domestic feelings. His early life was sacrificed for the sake of his father; his middle life for his son Maximilien, whom,

the misfortune of his birth compelling to bear only his mother's name, Giboyer had brought up as his nephew. Giboyer's only thought is of this boy, whom he has placed as secretary to M. Maréchal. Maximilien's position would be a charming one but for two things—that Madame Maréchal, although a lady of the most spotless reputation, is fond of giving herself romantic airs, and affecting fantastic minauderies, and bores him by making him read poetry to her; and that Fernande, her stepdaughter, always treats him with marked superciliousness and contempt. The marquis and the young count, in full Parisian costume, call on the Maréchals, and formally propose for Fernande's hand. The young couple meet. The count, who loves the fair and portly baronne, is compelled to avow that he makes the offer in deference to his kinsman's wish, and Fernande promises to bear his name worthily, if not lovingly. The two—so much twain—are betrothed. M. and Madame Maréchal are delighted, and the poor girl sighs, 'As well him as another!' Maximilien inquires of her why she treats him with such reserve, and gathers from her replies that she was of opinion that he encouraged her stepmother's follies for the same reason as his predecessors—that her interest might obtain him a bureau. The indignant young man proves how much she is in error by immediately resigning his position. Fernande sees with regret that she has deprived him of his bread, and shows him by a glance from eyes fired with sympathy and sensibility how highly she appreciates his sacrifice, and how deeply she regrets the wrong that she has done him. She explains to him, and asks his pardon, and a charming scene occurs, in which the word love is never used, but their looks, despite themselves, speak for them; a dialogue follows between Giboyer and the ex-secretary, to which no brief description could do justice, and Maximilien recognizes in the self-sacrifice of his pseudo-uncle the devotion and repentance of a father. The fourth

act presents the Clericals and the Legitimists in full salon. The baronne holds high festival, and schemes to break off the match between Fernande and the count, and to take the opening speech, which is to shake the Imperialist benches from Maréchal, and give it to another. To this end she suggests to Madame Maréchal that Fernande and Maximilien love each other. Madame Maréchal is indignant, and asks counsel of her friend, and the baronne advises the angry lady to 'put Maximilien in his place.' No sooner said than done. Tea is served; Madame Maréchal sips, and says authoritatively—

'Monsieur Maximilien, put down my cup!'

'Permit me, madame,' says the count, who stands close by.

'Thank you, count,' says madame; 'but as the young man is there—do you hear me, sir?'

'Monsieur Maximilien!' interposes Fernande, crimson at the outrage, and her heart up in her face, 'will you allow me to offer you some more tea?'

'Mademoiselle,' replies Maximilien, stricken and confused, 'I have already refused.'

'But you will not refuse when my hand offers it,' says Fernande, radiant with the glory of loving womanhood.

The defeat, the outrage, and the scandal are complete.

M. Maréchal is furious at being thrown over by his party, and, prompted by the wily Giboyer, who promises that Maximilien shall write him a speech in refutation of the one he has already studied, goes over at once to the other side. But Maximilien will not write. He loves despairingly, and can find time for no other occupation. 'What!' says Giboyer, 'will you not write to crush the opinions before which merit and honour are an insufficient passport—the opinions *that separate you from Fernande*?' The young man resolves, 'although he breaks his teeth to imprint them in the stone,' he will write. 'Put on your paletot,' says the seedy press-man; 'I never wear one; they are too hot!'

The next day the baronne informs Madame Maréchal that M. de Outre-

ville, after the scandal of the previous night, renounces the projected marriage; and Maréchal returns from the chambers, glowing with pride at having, thanks to Maximilien's speech, achieved a great national triumph. Maréchal is a thorough renegade, and avows his republican sentiments to his pretentious wife. 'The sole distinction he admits between man and man is that of fortune.' Giboyer calls to say that he and Maximilien are about to sail for America. Maréchal is in consternation. Maximilien is his right hand—his right arm—his mind—his pen. What will keep him in Paris? Giboyer answers, 'Your daughter.' 'Aha!' says the treble turncoat, the admirer of advanced opinions, 'my secretary dares to raise his eyes to my daughter!' But, fired with the idea of more speeches, more political successes, he at last consents, but retracts his sanction when he hears that his intended son-in-law's father is the notorious Giboyer. Giboyer, who is personally known to Maréchal under his pseudonym of Boyergl, offers to exile himself from France, but Maréchal is inexorable. 'Choose'—this to the lover—'between your father and my child!' But here Fernande rushes to the rescue, and declares her intention of marrying the man she loves; and when the Marquis d'Auberive offers to adopt Maximilien, the scruples of the conceited but good-hearted bourgeois are vanquished, and, according to the old, old formula—unhappily not often verified in real life—the lovers are made happy.

We will not speak of the acting of 'Le Fils de Giboyer,' which was in all parts perfect, but pass on to M. Victorien Sardone's new and successful comedy-drama at the Gymnase.

As the 'Fils de Giboyer' may be considered a defence of Imperialism from the Legitimist and Clerical parties, 'Les Ganaches' is an attack on 'frondeurs' generally—that odd class of Retrogressionists who find symptoms of earthquakes in stones, and bad in everything modern. Almost every character represents a particular class or type. The Duke

de Rochepeans, and his son the Marquis, are the years '89 and '29. Fromental embodies the commercial man retired on his rentes; his son—dissipated, ill-mannered, brave—Jeune France. Leonidas Vauclin—kind-hearted and rough-tongued—the pure Republican, who hates alike king or emperor, and loves only the tyrant people. And Mlle. de Forbac, the narrow-minded old devotee, who, hardly understanding anything, hates everything she does not understand. These five oddities all inhabit the same block in Quimperlé, and various are the discussions that arise from out such contrast of opinions. A daughter of the old duke having married one of the people, has been discarded by her family. Marguerite, the only offspring of the ill-fated couple, is received into the 'maison Rochepeans;' and Marguerite has a *penchant* for one Marcel Cavalier, a young engineer, intended to typify Progress, or rather the advancements, material and moral, of France since '51; and as M. Cavalier has been seen watching the house by the ever-prying Mlle. de Forbac, he is interrogated by the Ganaches, and a hot discussion between the merits of the past and the present is fired off in verbal volleys between the patrician marquis and the practical engineer, terminating in a furious cannonade as to the new boulevards and streets in Paris.

The MARQUIS (*ironically*).—'An engineer, Monsieur Cavalier,—you have indeed chosen the career of the moment. You cannot be accused of not knocking down the stones; nay—it is in demolition that you excel—Pif, paf—*allez donc*—the pickaxe and the spade. Palaces, mansions, churches—down they go, and on the ruins of old Paris build us a new Paris, with railways on the roofs of the houses, and electric telegraphs from one window to the other—the whole arched and floored, and lighted and warmed with gas, like a factory, and perfumed with hot oil and smoke—'twill be delicious!'

MARCEL.—'I do not know, Monsieur le Marquis, if we shall ever build you that sort of Paris, but I pledge you my word that we will never restore to you the Paris of the middle ages.'

MARQUIS.—'So much the worse;—it was a lovely city.'

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MARCEL.—'During the pest particularly. But of which Paris do you speak, marquis? of the Paris of Louis XIV., of Francis I., of Charles V., or of Philip Augustus?'

MARQUIS.—'Of all!'

MARCEL.—'But as one was built upon the ruins of the other, you cannot, logically, regret more than the first that was demolished—that of Julian the Apostate.'

MARQUIS.—'I regret that any noble thing should fall.'

MARCEL.—'And so do we, and instantly endeavour to replace it. You spoke but now of churches. Without recalling to you that 'tis we who now restore those spoiled by your fathers in the 18th century, go to St. Croix, in your own parish, and in the interior you will find, near one of the windows of the vault, a stone on which is graven in antique characters, "*Un ex-voto à Cérés*,"—all that rests of the pagan temple that once stood on the same spot. The temple was beautiful, no doubt, but it was of the past, and the church rose triumphantly over the ruins of the temple raised into the dust.'

MARQUIS.—'Oh, the church—yes—but—'

MARCEL (*hotly*).—'And why should I not obey the same law, when I enlarge our streets at the mere risk of scratching the façades of your hotels? They are empty and the street is crowded. Make room, then. You regret your ruins—so do we, but I want to pass, and I will pass. I have the right, in obedience to that divine law that everywhere sacrifices the poetry of the past to the realities of the present; for I hear a voice that cries to me unceasingly—"Remember that you destroy the Worst for the establishment of the Best. Make then your footprint, that your sons may see where you have trod. Quick—forward!" And inspired by the word "Forward," which, like your ancient battle-cries, leads us to the fight against Ignorance, Routine, Misery, Hunger, and Grief, in this holy crusade of humanity, I feel with pride that it is I who lead the van, and that I fly where I list, astride of obedient, bridled, caparisoned, and harnessed steam. Then, hurrah for the train as it tears across meadows, above the rivers, and in the deep bosom of rocks! 'Tis humanity flying on free wing towards the future; and for the ruins I knock down in passing—what matter? I sow towns where I halt. Good night, dust, and forward! Hurrah! The dead are dead! 'Tis for the living to go faster!'

This is the first time, we think, that a railway locomotive has been used as a poetical metaphor.

The indignation of the marquis is only increased when Marcel explains that he has been examining the Château Rochepeaux, because the new railway, of which he is engineer-in-chief, is to pass over its site: and when he has gone, poor Marguerite is told by the meddling old devotee that he has made a proposal for her hand, which has been ignominiously rejected. Marguerite falls ill, and is tenderly watched by the rough old republican, Doctor Vauclin; and M. Sardou has seized this opportunity of giving a charming scene between victorious though suffering faith, and rabid, wrong-headed materialism. Vauclin is forced to confess to the marquis that his patient is dying. The marquis would summon a physician from Paris—the nearest railway station is a day's journey from Quimperlé. He would telegraph to Paris, but the same objection applies. The good-hearted aristocrat then sees the error of opposing the progress of the age.

'We are in a desert here,' he cries, 'while everywhere else there are roads that devour distance, time, and space.'

He implores Vauclin to save her. That stern materialist answers:—

'Give me a body to save, and I will try; but how can I administer to a soul in agony? It is not an unhealthy organ that afflicts her, but a cankering thought that devours her. Give her hope, give her courage; but don't ask me to cure with physic the madness of a young mind dying of love.'

'But,' says the marquis, 'no one ever dies of love, Vauclin; you have told me so a hundred times.'

'No!' shouts the material doctor, 'but they die of fever, and fever is brought on by love!'

In the end, as we need hardly say, Marguerite marries the man of her heart, all the contending interests uniting harmoniously to produce that desired effect.

A perusal of the two plays will show that '*Les Ganaches*' is as full of honey as '*Le Fils de Giboyer*' of vinegar. M. Augier has availed himself of politics, polemics, and the position of parties to make a brilliant dramatic demonstration. M. Sardou has fused aristocracy, republicanism,

commerce, the new boulevards, family pride, a projected line of railway, a love story, the tattle of a country town, the electric telegraph, and a snow-storm, into a charming comedy of manners. At the same time he has been sufficiently a courtier to deduce a moral agreeable to the powers that be; a course of conduct which, if it be a reproach to a dramatist, our own 'divine Williams' may stand accused of.

Although the 'military drama and grand spectacle in 5 acts and 11 tableaux' of "*La Prise de Pekin*," was first played in the summer of 1861, yet there are such peculiarly exceptional circumstances attached to the piece, as to give it unusual interests. The real author of the drama is M. Mocquart, the secretary to the emperor. M. Adolphe D'Ennery, whose name appears upon the title-page, merely arranged the piece dramatically. That the emperor's own secretary should write a drama, to be played at a theatre almost entirely visited by the people, and that the positive hero of that drama should be an Englishman, and that Englishman the 'Special Correspondent of the "Times" newspaper,' is a proof that the *entente cordiale*, bred of Exhibitions, the Crimea, and no passports, is more than a mere diplomatic form of words. It cannot be supposed that Louis Napoleon has any marked attachment for the 'Times;' and yet, with the exception of the French missionary, Sir James Brownly—the playbill does not state whether knight or baronet—is the principal character. It would be too much to attempt to describe the incidents of a horse piece scene by scene, but we may follow the adventures of Sir James Brownly with some amusement, clouded though it be with the remembrance of the fate of the unfortunate Boulbty.

The actor, M. Clement Just, who plays Brownly, is admirably got up. With his flaxen hair, and flaxen Dundreary whiskers, his buttoned-up coat, stick-up collar, and trim, thin umbrella, his spotless neatness, good-natured smile, white teeth, and absence of demonstration with his eyes and hands, he looked a very

good type of the bland, self-satisfied Englishman. Sir James Brownly du 'Times' boasts about his native land almost disgustingly; and it is amusing to see how the skilful dramatist, while permitting the Frenchman to boast infinitely more than the Englishman, throws all the onus of the 'bunkum' on the latter. For instance, where Dominique the Missionary tells him that he has been to India, America, and China, Brownly says:—

'And have you ever been to England?'

DOMINIQUE.—'Yes, monsieur.'

BROWNLY.—'Is it not the first country in the world?'

DOMINIQUE.—'Yes (smiling), for an Englishman.'

BROWNLY.—'And you know our soldiers?'

THE SERGEANT.—'I met them in the Crimea; fine fellows in face of the enemy, but not active in furnishing the canteen after the battle; and when we had finished sharing the danger they were not sorry to come and share our soup.'

BROWNLY.—'Yes, yes—I admit our organization is not so good as yours; but for the rest, England is the first country in the world—a country held up everywhere as a model for equality (?), liberty, industry—in fact, for all!'

DOMINIQUE.—'Pardon me—not for all. You have the law of primogeniture, which disinherits children of the same family for the profit and the pride of one; and then the suffrage, which should be universal, as is ours, is a sacred right, of which you disinherit the people—the children of a common country, as, among your nobility, you impoverish the children of one mother.'

BROWNLY (with animation).—'Yes—there I am of your opinion—that is wrong; but I maintain that, for the rest,—l'Angleterre est, &c.'

THE SERGEANT.—'One moment. I have heard that in your army rank is to be bought with gold. 'Tis not so with us—'tis open to every man; every man can buy it, because every man has the wherewithal to purchase, for it can be bought only with blood.'

BROWNLY.—'Oh! I admit that upon that point—but for the rest—l'Angleterre est, &c.'

Afterwards, when the sergeant has made up his batch of conscripts, and the drums are rolling, Sir James puts the whole line of march out of order by appearing with an enormous letter, and asking for the Post

Office. When it is pointed out to him, he explains, with singular want of reserve for an Englishman, that it is to send off his 'correspondance pour le "Times," une lettre qui paraît pour le premier pays du monde!'

Sir James Brownly accompanies the united armies to China, and has a troop of English soldiers to protect him. The French begin to skirmish, and the outposts of the antagonistic armies engage hotly. On comes the 'Times' baronet, and, in the middle of a furious fusillade, calmly sits down upon his camp-stool, takes out his portable desk, and begins describing what is passing.

'Monsieur,' says the French sergeant, 'the enemy is advancing, and this spot will soon be the scene of the battle.'

'Yes, I know,' says the "Times" correspondent. A bullet pierces the sheet of paper he was writing on, and he calmly takes another.

'Mon Dieu—quel sang-froid!' says the sergeant. 'But monsieur—you had better go to the rear.'

'Why?' asks the T. C.

'You'll be out of danger.'

'But I shan't be able to see.'

'What matter?'

'What matter! I came out here as the correspondent of the "Times"—the first newspaper in the first country in the world. I can't describe properly if I don't see properly: I can't see properly if I am not to the front.'

'But you'll be killed!' urged the sergeant.

'Possibly, but I must do my correspondence.'

Crack, bang, whiz, fizz, go the bullets, and the T. C.'s green wide-awake is shot from his head. He goes on writing as if nothing had happened.

'Monsieur, monsieur,—your hat!' says the sergeant, pointing to his bare head.

'Thank you,' says the unconscious correspondent; 'I took it off because it was so hot!'

The sergeant, completely out of patience with such a wanton risk of life, cries—'This shall not be!' and snatches the pen from the baronial correspondent's hand.

The T. C. follows him towards the foe, crying piteously—

'Give me back my pen! give me back my pen! I have to do my correspondence for the "Times"—give me back my pen!'

It is only justice to the Parisian *gamin* to say that every one of these salient characteristics of British pluck is loudly applauded.

When taken prisoner by the Chinese, our special correspondent maintains the same lofty and haughty bearing, and abuses the mandarins, the emperor, and other high functionaries, with an impartiality and an inveteracy worthy of a Briton.

In his last scene, when he is being led to execution, he dilates to a Chinese woman as to his pangs in parting not only from life, but from the dear wife and children he leaves in the land he loves so well. The woman, who thinks that her brother can procure his pardon, says—

'Do not despair—do not give way.'

'Give way!' repeats the Englishman, in bad French—'Don't be alarmed; I shall conceal my emotion. I'll hide my tears before these men, for I know how to sustain the honour of the first nation in the world!'

The girl runs to her brother, whom she finds fast asleep. She tries in vain to rouse him; she ceases her fruitless endeavour when she is told that he sleeps the *sleep of opium*. Had the girl's brother not indulged in that detestable vice, Brownly would have been saved. The mandarin orders the execution to proceed, and the soldiers approach their victim.

'Don't touch me!' says Brownly, with a last flash of Britannic pride; 'I will follow you. Opium!—oh! 'tis an odious commerce, and it is perhaps the justice of Heaven that wills that I, an Englishman, should be the victim of the dreadful traffic! Yes—'tis you who kill me, my countrymen!—but 'tis only the fault of some few, and I will shout again, to my last breath, "England is the first country in the world!" Now—I am ready!'

And the heroic braggart is marched off to his death.

It will be seen that the government exploits the theatres pretty considerably. Those Frenchmen—and there are plenty of them—who are entirely ignorant of the consti-

tution, laws, and customs of Great Britain, would suppose that the 'Colleen Bawn' was a wise measure for the creation of sympathy for Ireland, and the 'Peep o' Day' a sort of feeler or *avant courier* to the enactment of remedial laws. And no doubt, on the same principle, 'Lord

Dundreary' has been invented simply to keep the middle classes in good humour, and to assure them that the members of the aristocracy are too listless and supine to take any active part in domestic or foreign politics.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA FOR ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

(Page 157.)

OFT standing near the crowded mill,
Or where, beneath the flower-deck'd hill,
The beehives stand, with joyous thrill,
I hear a *hum*—

When from yon ivy-mantled tower,
The bell tolls out the midnight hour,
I wake, and start to feel thy power,
Bloodthirsty *bug*.

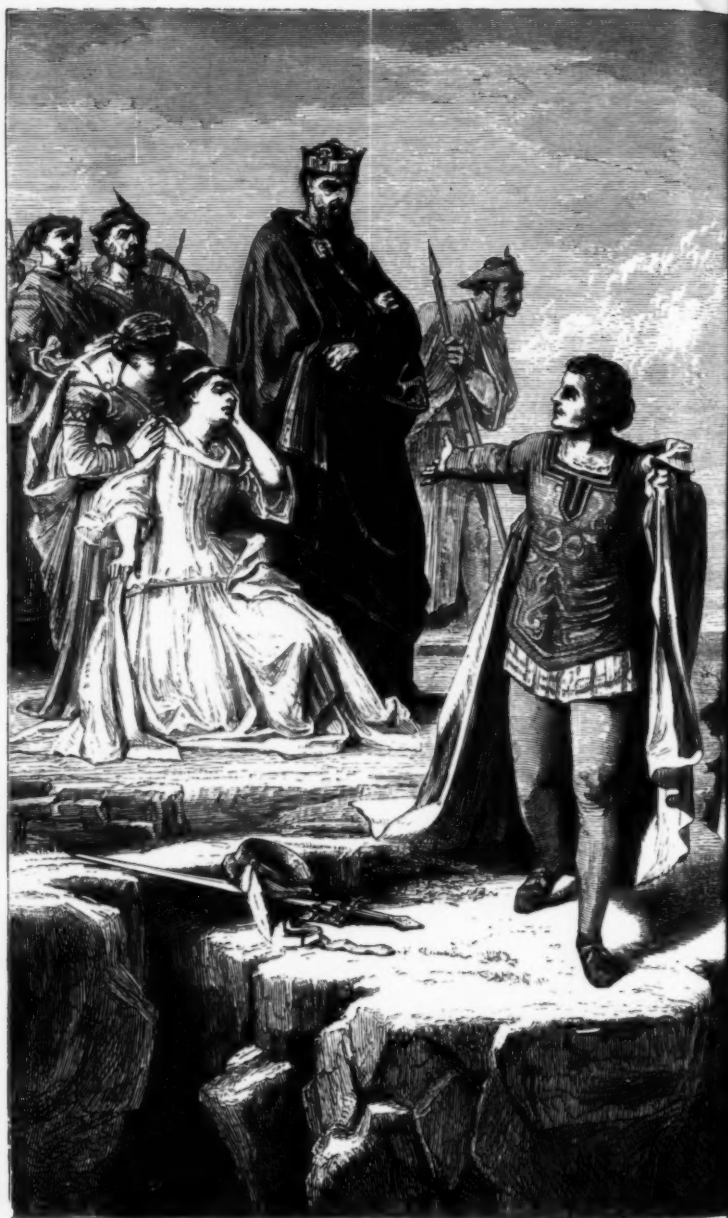
When lovers hand in hand by night,
Gaze on the moonlit sea, and plight
A troth of never-ending might,
It's all **HUMBUG**.

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THE DIVER: A TALE

[See "Schiller's Ballads"]



THE DIVER: A TALE

[See "The Diver" in "The Diver"]

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SCHILLER'S BALLADS.

(WITH TWO ILLUSTRATIONS.)

AMONG Schiller's poems there is one class, not numerous, but of all his writings undoubtedly the most popular in Germany. There are but seventeen of them, which he himself used to call 'Balladen.' They form the stock and storehouse for all official recital of poems in the German schools; and without reading the 'Bürgschaft,' hardly any English boy has learnt his German. Nearly all of these ballads were written in 1797, about the time when Schiller commenced his great tragedy of 'Wallenstein.' It was the period of his closest intimacy with Goethe. Both poets, living then in the same town, at Weimar, met almost daily; they directed in common the Weimar Theatre, as they had published jointly the celebrated epigrams on the whole literature of the period, under the title of 'Xenien.' We happen to know that they likewise communicated to each other the subjects of these ballads; and the style of either poet approached so much just at that particular time to the style of the other that in some of Goethe's ballads—especially in the 'Bride of Corinth'—a chord of Schiller's lyre resounds; whilst 'The Cranes of Ibycus,' first undertaken by Goethe, but afterwards written by Schiller, would hardly be doubted, even by a fine critic, as being a poem of the former, had it ever appeared in his works. There is, however, in the larger number of Schiller's ballads a marked difference from those of Goethe. It may be questioned whether Schiller's poetic narratives ought to be called ballads at all. With the type of the old English ballad they certainly do not coincide. The tone of the genuine popular ballads, which have been handed down to us, mostly devoid of the names of their authors, is purely lyrical; they are short, and can be sung, as, instead of giving a circumstantial narrative of the fact, they rather paint the feelings which the fact awakens in the human soul. Sentiment is musical, narrative is

not; and thus the true ballad is capable of composition. This type predominates in Goethe's ballads; his 'King of Thule,' his 'Erikönig,' his 'Ghost on the Castle Tower,' all written in the simplest style, and at the same time all very short, have frequently been composed; whilst we know but one of Schiller's, the 'Alpine Hunter,' in the charming composition of Franz Schubert. Schiller was more oratorical and philosophical than musical; his language is so rich, full, and harmonious, that every addition of a melody would overload its beauty: every line of his is written for declamation, very few for composition. So his ballads are, for the most part, rather long, full of description, and conveying a detailed narrative of the facts which form their subjects. We should call them poetical tales rather than ballads.

Their subjects are taken from various sources. After the year 1789, when Schiller was appointed Professor of History in the University of Jena, he for several years devoted himself to this special study of history, of which the fruits are before us in his 'Thirty Years' War,' and the 'Rebellion of the Netherlands.' From these studies he obtained the subjects for his historical tragedies, although they were written no less than ten to fifteen years after this appointment as professor. On this occasion he fell in with a great deal of stray reading, which furnished him also with the subjects for many of the ballads. Several of them are taken from antiquity, amongst which shines the glorious 'Eleusinian Festival,' a celebration of the invention of agriculture and its influence on the civilization of mankind. Others are derived from the romantic and chivalrous legends of the middle ages; and it is to this class that the 'Diver' and 'Glove' belong.

The illustrations to these two ballads in the present number of 'London Society' are borrowed from the splendid edition of Schiller's poems

by the publishing firm of Cotta, at Stuttgart, who hold the copyright of all Schiller's works. It is illustrated with arabesques and photographs after drawings of some of the best living draughtsmen in Germany; and we know of no finer work of German typography and drawing. The exquisite elegance and elaborate design of these small plates, mellowed down in shade and outline by the skill of the photographer, have caused quite a sensation in the artistic world. The edition, which was commenced at the centenary commemoration of Schiller's birthday in 1859, will be completed in a few more numbers. Arthur Von Ramberg, Charles Piloty,* Maurice Von Schwindt, Julius Schnorr, and several others, are engaged for this publication. The original of one of our two woodcuts, where the bold youth, with a parting look upon the fainting princess, walks towards the edge of the cliff, by Ferdinand Piloty, is much appreciated by German critics: the second has not obtained the same approval, as the elegance of execution does not suit the heroism of the deed. We may add, that we should like to see the leopards with more of the cat about them, and less of the seal.

The subjects of Schiller's ballads are not of his own invention, but (with the exception of the 'Distribution of the World,' and, perhaps, the 'Alpine Hunter'), rest upon legendary poetry. The story of the 'Glove' Schiller obtained from a book by Saint-Foix, a French writer of light literature in the first half of the eighteenth century. This one work of his, however, bearing the title, 'Essais Historiques sur Paris,' is more solid than the rest, and contains a number of anecdotes illustrating the changing spirit of civilization in France from the foundation of the French monarchy. The story of the 'Glove,' however, is older than Saint-Foix, since the

* Charles Piloty is known in England by his great picture in the late International Exhibition: 'Nero proceeding over the burning ruins of Rome.' Even with a colour too cool for the English eye, the signally grand and noble design of this work gained the admiration of every body.

Spanish poet Lope de Vega (1562-1635) already treated the subject in one of his numberless plays, under the title of 'El Guante de Doña Blanca' ('Lady Blanche's Glove'), although he transferred the scene from the court of France to that of Portugal. Schiller's poem we give here from Sir E. Lytton Bulwer's translation.

The Glove:

A TALE.

Before his lion-court,
To see the grisly sport,
Sat the king;
Beside him grouped his princely peers,
And dames aloft, in circling tiers,
Wreathed round their blooming ring.

King Francis, where he sat,
Raised a finger; yawned the gate,
And slow, from his repose,
A LION goes!
Dumbly he gazed around
The foe-encircled ground;
And with a lazy gaze,
He stretched his lordly shape,
And shook his careless mane
And—laid him down again.

A finger raised the king,
And nimbly have the guard
A second gate unbarred;
Forth, with a rushing spring,
A TIGER sprung!
Wildly the wild one yelled,
When the LION he beheld;
And, bristling at the look,
With his tail his sides he strook,
And rolled his rabid tongue;
In many a wary ring
He swept round the forest king,
With a fell and rattling sound;
And laid him on the ground,
Groommelling.

The king raised his finger; then
Leaped two LEOPARDS from the den
With a bound;
And boldly bounded they
Where the crouching tiger lay,
Terrible!
And he griped the beasts in his deadly hold;
In the grim embrace they grappled and
rolled:
Rose the lion with a roar,
And stood the strife before;
And the wild-cats on the spot,
From the blood-thirst wroth and hot,
Halted still.

Now from the balcony above
A snowy hand let fall a glove:
Midway between the beasts of prey,
Lion and tiger,—there it lay,
The winsome lady's glove!

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THE GLOVE.

[See the Ballad.]

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Fair Canigonde said, with a lip of scorn,
To the knight Delorges, 'If the love you have
sworn

Were as gallant and leal as you boast it to be,
I might ask you to bring back that glove to me!
The knight left the place where the lady sat;
The knight he has passed through the fearful
gate;

The lion and tiger he stooped above,
And his fingers have closed on the lady's glove!
All shuddering and stunned, they beheld him
there,—

The noble knights and the ladies fair;
But loud was the joy, and the praise the while
He bore back the glove with his tranquil smile!

With a tender look in her softening eyes,
That promised reward to his warmest sighs,
Fair Canigonde rose her knight to grace;
He tossed the glove in the lady's face!
'Nay, spare me the guerdon, at least,' quoth he;
And he left for ever that fair lady!

The 'Diver' is based upon a genuine tradition, which is so quaint and curious that we beg leave to put it before our readers in a faithful translation from the Latin of the '*Mundus Subterraneus*,' or '*Underground World*,' by Athanasius Kircher, the learned Jesuit, a book published in 1665, which contains quite a number of odd stories, and from which we know that Schiller took the subject of his 'Diver':—

'In this place (says old Athanasius, speaking about the depth of the seas) 'I will add a story, which happened in Sicily at the time of King Frederick.* There was then in Sicily a most celebrated diver by name of Nicholas, whom, from his feats in swimming, they commonly called "*Pesce Cola*," which means "*Fish Nicholas*." Being familiar with the sea from early youth, and wonderfully skilled in swimming, he busied himself nearly always with collecting at the bottom of the sea mussels, corals, and such-like things, by the sale of which he made a life. His habits were so changed by thus inhabiting the water that he would remain in the sea sometimes for four or five days, living on raw fish. Several times he went and returned, swimming, to Calabria, carrying letters for hire; they even say that he more than once reached the Lipari islands by swimming. Sometimes ships would meet him in the midst

* Either King Frederick the First, or Second, so that the story would belong to the first half of the fourteenth century.

of the stormy and surging gulf towards Calabria, so that they at first sight took him to be a monster of the deep; some of the crew, however, recognized him, and he was taken on board. When asked where he went in a sea subject to so many squalls, he answered that he carried letters to I do not know which town, keeping them in a leather belt cleverly shut by a sort of pulley, so that they should not be spoilt by the water around. He then, after a long conversation, would take a hearty meal, say good-bye to the sailors, and once more resort to the sea. He is even said to have changed his nature and organization from the perpetual stay in the water to such a degree as to be nearer an amphibium than a man: so that a web grew between his fingers as in a goose's feet, and his lungs expanded so much that they contained air sufficient for a whole day's respiration.

'Now when the King of Sicily once visited Messina, as he had heard so many strange stories about this diver, he was curious to see the man, and ordered him to be summoned to his presence, which was done, after they had sought him for a long while over land and sea. The king had heard marvellous things concerning the neighbouring Charybdis, and having now obtained such a good opportunity he resolved on exploring the inner structure of the Charybdis, seeing that he could find no better means than through this Nicholas. Then he ordered him to dive down; and as Nicholas seemed somewhat reluctant, and pretended many dangers to exist there which he alone knew, the king, to make him more willing for the work, had a flat goblet of gold thrown down there, and promised him that if he brought it back he should have it. Nicholas, allured by the gold, accepted the condition, and precipitated himself instantly into the deepest whirlpool, where he remained about three quarters of an hour, whilst the king and all bystanders were waiting for him with great anxiety. At last he came pushing up from the innermost vortex with a powerful rush, holding

out and brandishing the bowl triumphantly in his hand. They took him to the palace, where, feeling somewhat weak after his great exertion, he refreshed himself with a hearty dinner, and had a little sleep. Being then taken to the king, and asked about all things he had seen at the bottom, he spoke, as they say, to the king as follows:—"Merciful king, I have done as you commanded me, but I should never have obeyed your command, even if you had promised me one half of your kingdom, had I known before what I know now: for because I thought it hazardous not to obey my king, I have hazarded the boldest feat of all." The king asking why it was so hazardous, he answered, "There are four things, lord king, which render this place so horrible, as it really is impenetrable not only to divers like myself, but to the very fishes. First, the rush of a current from the innermost recesses of the ocean, which hardly any man, be he ever so strong and skilled, could resist: nor have I myself been able to pass through it, but was obliged to descend to the deep through other loopholes. Second, the multitude of reefs that are in the way here and there, below which I could hardly glide without the manifest danger of being killed or flayed. Third, the surge of the waters in the straits below, which break forth with an immense power from the innermost entrails of the rocks, and turning in opposite directions produce such a formidable gyration that a man will nearly die in it from sheer fright. Fourth, the herds of immense polypi which stick to the sides of the rocks horrified me, with their arms stretching out far and wide, of which I saw one, the mere pulp of which was larger than a man's body, and the arms not below ten feet in length: had these fellows caught me in their arms it would have been certain death, as they would have drawn me to them, and killed me by their sole embrace. There are also on watch, in the caverns of the reefs near by, atrocious fish, called dogfish" (*vulgo, Pesce cane*), "whose jaws have three rows of teeth, being about the size

of dolphins, from whose ferocity there is no escape: for if they caught a man in their teeth you may be pretty sure he would be done for, since there is no sword nor dagger so finely steeled but the bite of these monsters would surpass them in cutting anything in twain."

'After he had explained this in its order, they asked him how he had been able to find the goblet so quickly; upon which he answered, the powerful currents and counter-currents in the water had not allowed the goblet to descend in a straight line, but it had been thrown out by the boiling waters much in the same way as he himself had been thrown out, and thus he had discovered it in a kind of hollow in the rocks; for had it once gone to the bottom there would have been no hope whatever for recovering it in such a boiling of the tide and rush of the vortex; for the whirlpools, now swallowed up in the abyss, now vomited out again, were surging with such a vehemence that there was no power able to withstand them. Moreover, the waters were so deep in that very place that they covered the eyesight with almost a Cimmerian darkness.

'Then they asked him about the inner formation of the straits, and he said they were complicated with numberless rocks; and the flux and reflux of subterranean waters running between the roots of these rocks as the tides changed were the real cause of those perturbations on the surface which the sailors there experience, to the great detriment of their ships.

'Then they asked him if he had pluck enough once more to try the bottom of the *Charybdis*, and he said no. He was tempted, however, a second time by a bag full of gold coins, which, being attached to a goblet of great value, was thrown into the *Charybdis*; and allured by the almighty lust of gold, he rushed once more headlong into the whirlpool, but never appeared again, having perhaps been drawn by the tides into the labyrinths of rocks, or become a prey to the fish which he dreaded so much.

'This story, as it was written in

the royal records, and communicated to me by the Master of the Rolls, I thought fit to insert here, that some light might be thrown on the whirling currents of the seas.'

Thus far Athanasius Kircher. And this is the groundwork on which the great poet raised his glorious creation. The former is a curious anecdote connected with a natural phenomenon; and the catastrophe is built upon the low motive of avarice in a professional man. The poet makes use of many characteristic lines in the old story: the goblet, the labyrinth of rocks, the contrary movements of the

waters, the terrible fish and polyphi are not omitted; but to the second attempt of the diver the noble motive of love is lent, and with a warm sympathy we follow the hapless youth to his horrible grave. The creation of the poet is not necessarily the hatching of new stories from a fertile brain (otherwise Shakspeare would not be an original poet, as few of his plots are his own invention); but it is quite as much the elevation of coarse reality to a sphere in which we see man's soul and purpose ennobled by grand and worthy passion.

G. K.



MY FIRST AND LAST BALLOON ASCENT.

I.

IT is now about fifteen years ago that some business connected with the navigation of the Danube kept me for some months in Vienna.

As my engineering business did not employ me more than an hour or two a day, I should have soon found my time hang heavy on my hands even in that gay and motley city, had I not by chance made the acquaintance of the accomplished and scientific Mons. Xavier Gallard. I met this gentleman first at the table d'hôte of my hotel, the 'Kaiser Elizabeth,' and a chance question or two about Hungarian wines soon led to an acquaintance.

Mons. Xavier Gallard, as far as I could gather, had years ago been a lay Jesuit in Syria, but, growing more and more attached to science, had quitted the order and devoted himself entirely to the study of abstruse chemistry and an analysis of the narcotic medicines of the East. He had become well known throughout all Austria for his improvements in aërostation. Finding him a travelled man, of singular liberality and toleration of opinion, as well as an accomplished musician and an excellent linguist, I lost no time in as soon as possible cultivating his acquaintance, being, for an Englishman, social and unsuspicious. My companion, a clever Scotch engineer, but a cold, formal fellow—one of those distrustful men who, as the old Joe Miller runs, would not save a man from drowning if he had not been first introduced to him—fought shy of Gallard, seldom accompanied me to his lodgings near the city wall, overlooking the Prater, and expressed in a very solemn way his wish to know who Mons. Gallard's father had been, about which I myself felt totally indifferent.

At first I used to rather laugh at my new friend's enthusiasm for ballooning, which I thought a useless, unimprovable, and dangerous experiment, that had already cost many valuable lives, and was only fit, like rope-dancing, to amuse a selfish and

gaping mob. But Gallard, on whom laughter made no more impression than a snowball would on a man in armour, soon, in his stern, quiet way, convinced me how shallow and irrational my sneers had been.

In that curious apartment of his, the walls of which were covered with drawings of every possible sort of balloon that is, or ever was, he explained to me, with philosophic clearness, the whole progress and prospects of the science, from the hints of Friar Bacon, the Jesuit Francis Luna, and the Portuguese Friar (1709), to Mr. Cavallo's experiments (1782) with soap-bubbles filled with inflammable air, in pursuance of the discoveries of Black and Cavendish. He would then go on enthusiastically to speak of the first ascents by the Montgolfiers, paper-makers, in 1782, and of the more advanced experiments of Messrs. Robert and Charles, by whom the first long journey was effected.

'I grant, Mons. Gallard,' I said to him on one occasion, 'the rapid improvement of Montgolfier's clever suggestion—but what I want to know is, *cui bono*—men don't risk their lives for mere amusement?'

'What, not you Englishmen, who hunt and chase the steeples—Hein?' said Gallard, coldly and calmly, but rather maliciously. 'You want to know the *cui bono* of our pursuit—I will tell you: I want to see balloons used, to reconnoitre fortified places, to reach otherwise inaccessible mountains, to enable geographers to make surveys, to convey despatches to besieged places, to discover islands, and to study, on different otherwise unattainable elevations, the laws of sound, of atmospheric pressure, of gravitation.'

'I grant, I confess,' I replied, 'that you have overwhelmed me with your array of facts, but I still think the balloon a sort of wild monster, of tremendous and supernatural speed and power, but quite untamable. You can raise a balloon, and let it fall again, but you cannot steer it horizontally.'

'Experiment,' said Gallard, coldly, 'has proved the reverse—look here. Here is a drawing of the balloon of Charles and Robert. It is of an oblong spheroid shape—the boat is seventeen feet long—it has five wings, made in the shape of umbrellas without handles—and to the top of these, you see, sticks were fastened parallel to the apertures of the umbrellas. This extraordinary balloon ascended on the 19th of September, 1784, to the height of 1400 feet, traversed about 150 miles of air, and descended safely, with 200 pounds of ballast left. These wings were found to enable the aéronaut to deviate 80 degrees from the direction of the wind. In 1785, a Mr. Crosbie ascended, at Dublin, in a balloon, the car of which was hung round with bladders, and these saved him, and rendered the car as buoyant as a boat, when he unfortunately fell into the sea.'

'But the parachute,' I said; 'that has proved fatal to several enthusiasts?'

'The parachute,' replied Gallard, 'is uncertain and dangerous to descend in; but it is useful to break the fall of the balloon itself, in case of accident. I have great hopes of further improving it; but even at present it is a useful ally. Pray divest yourself of these prejudices, *mon ami*. A time will come, I tell you, when we shall circumnavigate the world in these silk bags you now despise so much. *Vous verrez*.'

'I admire your thorough enthusiasm,' I said; 'yours is the true spirit of the discoverer. But how do you escape the risk of lightning? Imagine the horror, a mile from the earth, of seeing your balloon suddenly shrivelling above your head in a drift of flame. Another moment, and you are dashed, like Icarus, into the gulf of death.'

'You are too imaginative, *mon cher*, for a scientific man,' said Gallard, with a bitter smile curdling his pale face. 'There is no danger of lightning. Balloons have passed safely through thunder clouds, and the aéronaut can always leave such unpleasant companions above or below him. Besides, *mon cher Anglais*, as our balloons are constructed of

materials that are not conductors of electricity, and as they are also insulated, they are not very likely to be struck.'

'You meet me at every turn,' I said; 'but there is one other danger, I fear. It has always appeared to me, in reading accounts of balloon voyages, that the aérostatic machine has more tendency to descend when over water than when over land—a most dangerous tendency on the part of our friend the balloon.'

'Granted,' said Gallard, watchfully, but with evident candour. 'The remedy for that is to ascend from some place like Vienna, far inland. Moreover, you must remember that we aéronauts can nearly always select our place of descent. No, my dear friend, there is little danger to the skilful aéronaut.'

Here he turned suddenly on me, and asked me if I understood the primary principle of aérostatics.

I replied that I had but the vague knowledge of a man who had no special taste for science. I knew that if a body was immersed in any fluid lighter than itself, it would rise to the surface.

'In a confused way you know it,' said Gallard, smiling; 'but the rule is this—it is simple. When a body is immersed in any fluid, if the weight of the body be less than an equal bulk of the immergent fluid, it will rise to the surface—if the mass be heavier, it sinks—if equal, it remains where it is placed. On this principle our whole theory is built: for it is the same thing if we thin the air, and so make it lighter—or whether we use gas, which ascends, being lighter than the atmosphere. I will show you.'

As he said this, Gallard threw open the sash of a window looking out over the rampart towards the Prater, where the trees were now fast turning saffron colour, from the effects of the autumn's chemistry—then, with a neat-handed dexterity, he took from a shelf a small balloon made of crimson lutestring, covered with caoutchouc varnish, and attaching to its strings a small square tin full of spirits of wine, he lit the liquid, which instantly inflated the silk—and, with a dexterous twist of

the practised hand, the enthusiast floated off the little crimson globe, which instantly rose high in the air, and moved swiftly before the wind, over the Prater.

'Beautiful!' I said. 'Monsieur Gallard, behold in me a convert.'

'I thought I should soon convince you,' he said, shutting the window, 'of the beauty and safety of the invention of our great master, Montgolfier.'

'Have you ever yourself made a voyage in a balloon?' said I, somewhat maliciously.

'I have made,' he said ('for I understand the sneer, *mon ami*)—I have made three-and-twenty ascents, and all with safety and perfect success.'

'I never heard before of your enterprises in this way.'

'There is much about me that you may not have heard,' replied Gallard, coldly. 'I do not go about Vienna like a quack doctor, with a jack-pudding blowing a trumpet before me. Man's life is half night, half day—there are times when I choose to move in darkness—some men here call me an Armenian, others a Russian. I was really born at—but what do you care where I was born? Come, let us take lunch—for you must taste my Vossbauer;—it is not bad. Drink with me the health of my intended—the Fraulein Pulvermacher.'

'With all my heart,' I replied.

II.

It was a week or so after this conversation that I again sought the rooms of my friend Gallard; that mysterious and determined enthusiast, with whom I had by this time become far better acquainted. I had already, with the purposeless industry of an idler impatient for employment, picked up some scattered particulars of Gallard's history.

He had been, I heard, dismissed from the Jesuit seminary at St. Omer, for neglecting his studies to prosecute aeronautic experiments. Not having money sufficient to purchase a balloon himself, he applied to a rich and avaricious money-lender, who bought one for him, and gave

him a mere trifle for ascending, on condition he should receive the money which the public paid for admission. His father, however, a Levant merchant, who had married a Syrian woman, took great umbrage at these exhibitions, and on one occasion waited on General Farouche, the Commander-in-chief of the Parisian National Guard, and begged him to interpose his military authority, and prevent his son, who was a volunteer, ascending. The general quickly acquiesced, and sent a file of soldiers on the night in question, to put the young adventurer into confinement. Gallard was just preparing to enter the car when they arrived. Guessing what had taken place, he instantly drew his sabre, and threatened to run the first person through who interrupted him. Then leaping into the car, he slashed the mooring cords in two with his sword, and rose with tremendous velocity into the air, leaving the mob cheering and the soldiers dumb with astonishment.

'Soon after this,' said my informant, 'he left Paris, and went to the East to study medicine. There he ascended from the Desert, from the foot of the Pyramids, from Mount Zion, and other extraordinary places—always under an assumed name, and with an air of mystery. In the course of his life it is supposed that Mons. Gallard (whatever he may say) has gone through all possible dangers that an aeronaut can experience. On one occasion his balloon took fire, but he escaped in a parachute. At another time, at Calais, to escape descending into the sea, he had to cut away the car, and sling himself to the cords of the balloon. Once, near Strasburgh, he found the balloon expanding, and threatening to burst, when three miles above the town, and he averted his fate by boring holes in the side with his sword.'

Two years ago, he had published an account of an ascent from Turin, in which he passed over the Alps by night: of this ascent my informant, a telescope-maker, from Berlin, could not remember anything, except the fact of M. Gallard's sensation having been as if the balloon was cleaving

silently upwards through miles of black marble, and that the stars seemed to him larger and more lustrous.

From another person, a wine-merchant, from Marseilles, I heard that M. Gallard was well known in France, as an habitual and dangerous duellist, and five years ago he had been wounded in three places, in a duel with sabres at Nice, where, however, he killed his antagonist, the son of a banker at Genoa. The quarrel had arisen from M. Gallard being taunted with the uselessness of balloon ascents. M. Gallard was now, added my informant, engaged to be married to the daughter of a professor of mathematics.

I amused myself as I walked to my friend's lodgings, with pondering over these rumours, and trying to sift the truth that was in them from the falsehood. This task, almost as easy as twisting sand ropes, or driving hares to market, occupied me till I reached Gallard's lodgings. The magnificent street-fountains of Vienna, the great St. Stephen's itself, I that day passed unnoticed. Even the crowds of Hungarian sharpshooters, and Wallachian peasants, failed to interest me; my mind was bent on joining Gallard, my friend, in a balloon ascent.

I found Gallard in his room, busy engraving his name on a sword—it was a beautiful Damascus blade of exquisite temper. He looked up from his work as I entered, his etching needle still in his hand, and greeted me.

'I thought it was the professor and Marie,' he said; 'they are coming to-day to see the great balloon I am having made—we will go after lunch and see it together.'

'You are busy, Gallard,' I said; 'I did not know you added engraving to your other accomplishments.'

'It is an old, and tried friend,' he said, patting the sword-handle; 'it has saved my life once or twice, and I want to mark my name on it, for it may be my only epitaph.'

At that moment, just as I was preparing to rally him on this remark, there were sounds of feet on the stairs, then a light silvery laugh, and a soft tap at the door.

Gallard flew to it and opened it.

'Is Mons. Montgolfier at home?' said the sweetest, merriest voice, I think I ever heard. It was the professor's daughter, Maria, who with her father now entered the room. The professor wiped his spectacles, and began, after being introduced to me, to look at the drawings round the walls. Maria chatted pleasantly to her lover and myself while the old woman of the house was laying the luncheon.

I think I never saw eyes so lucidly brown as those of Maria Pulvermacher, or a neck more exquisitely set upon its shoulders: she reminded me of Goethe's description of that graceful girl whom he took as the type of Gretchen, in Faust. No word or movement but seemed the result of a warm heart, good nature, and overflowing spirits, yet each word or movement might have been that of a consummate actress, so appropriate and admirable did each movement and each word seem. Yet Gallard, I thought, seemed scarcely at his ease; and from what I could not help overhearing of a long and earnest conversation, between himself and the professor's daughter, I gathered that he was resisting her wish that he should abandon some intended balloon ascent.

The conversation at lunch was constrained. Gallard tried to amuse, but seemed vexed and moody. The professor was entirely occupied with the praises of a new edition of the 'Principia' he had just bought of an English bookseller, and his daughter was silent and tearful.

Luncheon over, Mons. Gallard arose, and giving his arm somewhat ceremoniously to Miss Pulvermacher, begged me to follow with the professor. We followed him into a back yard, leading to carpenters' workshops, and a laboratory. Unlocking a door, Gallard ushered us into a large, unfurnished room, with a stove in it; on the floor lay the silk gores, or long sections of lutestring, that were to form the greatest balloon ever yet made in Austria.

Heaps of blue and scarlet silk lay on benches and on the window-seat. The net hung on a nail near the

stove, and the basket-work, large enough to hold six persons, had already been covered with painted linen.

'You here see, Mr. Professor,' said Gallard, turning rather coldly from Miss Pulvermacher, 'the germ of my new air-ship. It is to measure fifty-seven feet in diameter, and will carry 400 lbs. of ballast. This car, which is eight feet long, weighs 140 lbs. The name, you see, is 'Maria Theresa,' (here he looked at the professor's daughter). The weight of the whole apparatus, with myself, thermometers, &c. in it, will be—'

'Let me guess, Gallard,' said the good, fussy, old professor. 'Well, I should say 600 lbs.'

'No bad guess, Herr Professor—620 lbs.'

'Nevertheless, I would not go up in it for 10,000*l.*,' said the professor, adjusting his spectacles.

'That's right, dear papa,' said Maria, kissing her father's frosty red cheek, and throwing her arms round his neck. 'Don't let him go in it: he's a naughty man—yes, you are, sir—you may frown—for wishing to go against my will. What right, sir, have you to risk your life?'

Gallard made no immediate reply; but a few minutes after, he drew Miss Pulvermacher to the window, leaving me and the professor to examine the elements of the future balloon, examine the long strips of coloured silk, lift the car, and perform such other experiments as our curiosity suggested.

In a few minutes, Gallard and Miss Pulvermacher joined us. I observed that Gallard was paler than usual, and was biting his lips, as if to suppress a passionate anger that was almost uncontrollable. The young lady, on the other hand, was flushed, and her eyes were moist with unrestrainable tears. I was sure from their manner that the lovers had been quarrelling; but I made as though I did not see it.

As for the worthy purblind professor, who, like many other honest pedants, knew much more about the surface of the moon, than the inhabitants of this insignificant and

parvenu planet, he observed nothing, and after a time trudged off with his daughter, wishing Gallard every success in his interesting enterprise. Maria Pulvermacher bowed to me, and offered Mons. Gallard her hand with averted face. She had evidently been asking the enthusiast to make some sacrifice which he had refused to make. The professor, I forgot to add, on parting, begged me with obvious sincerity to gratify him with a speedy call.

The moment the door closed on the professor and his daughter, Gallard stamped on the floor, and uttered some words in Arabic from between his clenched teeth. 'I throw her to the wind,' he said, passionately; 'swallow, that she is, quick-turning, never-resting, fickle, changeable, like all those creatures that God made from the refuse of Adam's clay. I have lived eight-and-thirty years in this vile world, and never yet knew sin, vice, trouble or mischief without a woman was in some way or other the cause of it. Miserable necessity of our solitude to need such companions! I renounce her. Shall I break up my glorious dreams and discoveries for a wax doll with movable eyes—a puppet that can smile, and move, and eat, and torment; but cannot reflect, compare, analyse, or refute? Ha!'

And as he said this he took down a case-bottle of brandy from a shelf, and took a long, deep draught; then silently he replaced the bottle with a smile such as Satan himself might have worn, and sat down, compass in hand, at his papers. I began to be afraid for his brain. I tried to divert his thoughts, but not by any of those deep consolatory platitudes which friends administer to you as if they were indispensable medicines.

'Gallard,' I said, 'courage! there are other women. As we say in England—"There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it." By-the-by, do you know I have all but resolved to accompany you in your next ascent. You have fired my imagination by your enthusiasm; but perhaps you dislike a companion; "*N'est-ce pas?*"'

'On the contrary,' he said, fixing

his eyes on me, 'you give me more pleasure than you know; you will be charmed. The higher air, two miles up, is so calm and silent. You may find it cold, and may experience a slight pain in your ears, but that will soon go off. Whatever fog or rain we pass through below, we shall soon, as philosophers should do, rise above them into a region of clear light and soft sun heat. The sensation of first starting is only that of a strong but equal upward pressure on the soles of your feet: you will not repent it, *mon ami*.'

'But,' I said, 'who is this Mons. Rozier, who has ascended so often, this year, in different parts of France and Germany? Is he a formidable rival?'

'Not very,' said Gallard, smiling, with all his usual stoical serenity, as he went to a cabinet that stood against the wall and took a roll of paper from a drawer. He unrolled it with a dry laugh; it was a large posting-bill, printed in red ink; it announced the ascent of Mons. Eustace Rozier from a pleasure-garden, near Turin, twelve months back.

'I am Mons. Rozier,' he said; 'to disguise myself from inquisitive friends, I use this precaution.'

As he uttered these words, he took a bottle from a shelf of chemicals, and dipping the forefinger of the right hand in it, he rubbed it across the palm of his left. It left a deep brown stain of the colour of an Arab fellah's skin.

'Mons. Rozier is an Armenian,' he said, laughing; 'and a preparation I keep by me removes his Armenian skin in one wash. You shall be my companion then,' he added, replacing the bottles. 'I see you are cool, determined, and quick in resources; I have long wished for such a companion to manage my instruments and help to register my observations. I hope before long to be able to bring rain at my wish, and to predict weather changes with almost unerring certainty. I must forget this woman. You will now pardon my wishing you good night, as I must betake me to six hours' study. One caution at parting, be-

ware how you get entangled in that false creature's web!'

III.

I did not see Gallard for the next three weeks. During that time, as my letters had still not arrived from England, I devoted myself to making the acquaintance of the Pulvermacher family. My visits grew more and more frequent; I became a favourite of the old professor, and by no means, I flattered myself, disagreeable to his fair daughter. I am afraid my fondness for the house made rather a hypocrite of me, for I soon found myself discussing the 'Principia' with the professor with an unction which was scarcely sincere, as I had always at college shown a singular incapacity for mathematics. To-day I was taking a telescopic interest in an eruption on the sun's face; to-morrow trying a new microscope on the plumes from a moth's wing, or a new sort of acaries, found in indigo. The professor was delighted with me, and took me to all sort of philosophical meetings and soirées, where I met small Humboldts, who bored me with absurd theories, and whom I bored with engineering problems.

But every moment I could snatch from this hypocritical routine I devoted to the gayer and more pleasant occupation of flirting with Miss Pulvermacher. I waltzed with her, I began to teach her to read English poetry, I sang duets with her; in fact, I fell all at once—one morning that we sang together—over head and ears in love with her. It even became a joke against me at the table d'hôte and at the hotel billiard-table, where my attendance became less and less frequent.

They were one day discharging their invisible yet stinging missiles at me, and warning me of Gallard's well-known jealous disposition, and his fondness for duelling, when a waiter gently touched my arm and handed me a note. It was from Gallard, and ran thus—

'MON CHER AMI,

'I shall ascend in the 'MARIA THERESA,' to-morrow at noon, on the

south side of the Prater. Be with me—if those fools at the hotel, or your fair friend, do not make a coward of you—soon after eleven, that we may start together, and superintend the filling.

‘Yours till death,

‘XAVIER GALLARD.

‘P.S.—Be sure, on the ground, to always call me “Rozier,” my aeronautic name. The weather promises well for our ascent.’

‘A *billet-doux* from the professor’s daughter!’ cried out one of the hotel wits. ‘Herr Engländer, I will be your second; but that Gallard is a d—— with the small sword.’

I made no reply, being rather ashamed of my situation, and also of my flirtation; but I finished my wine, tore the note carelessly up, and strolled off to Gallard’s lodgings.

The old woman let me in with a spiteful look, such as she had never before greeted me with; but at the time I attributed this to cold and rheumatism—great disturbers of the temper—and, knowing my way, pushed straight on for the laboratory, where I was told my friend was engaged.

I entered it—he was not there: I went upstairs—he was not there, but his mathematical drawings lay scattered on the table, and the ink was still wet in his pen. I went down again, and sought him in the balloon-room, and not finding him there I opened the door that led into an inner garden-house.

There was Gallard, bending over six small sacks full of what appeared to be black and white sand; but he hastily tied up the mouths of the bags as he saw me, and turned in his usual passive way to take my hand. To my surprise, he had already stained his face, and was now the colour of the poorer Cairene Arabs.

‘I am glad you are come,’ he said; ‘I began to think your courage had failed you, or that you were too much occupied with gallantry and that bad comedy called society, to care much for risking your neck with an enthusiast.’

Gallard said this in rather a sple-

netic way; but I took no notice of his mood, simply replying—

‘I do not change when I have once made up my mind. I am ready now, as I have been ever since I offered to go with you.’

‘That’s right,’ he said, with his teeth clenched, ‘bravely said, and like an Englishman; and I promise you such a flight in the air as you will never forget. Mind, to-morrow, at eleven, for it is a good mile and a half from here.’

I turned to go: he followed me to the door; and as I shook his cold, corpse-like hand, he said, with rather a forced gaiety, as I thought—

‘I have forgotten the syren,’ he said, ‘quite forgotten her, sponged her name from my slate, erased her photograph, burned her letters—Ha! but you see we enthusiasts soon forget these frivolities: love and a catarrh are quickly cured. How do you get on, by-the-by, with the—the—Pulvermachers?’

I coloured slightly, as I replied, ‘O, pretty well! The professor is rather a bore, but the daughter is charming.’ And putting my fingers to my lips, I laughed and blew them apart, as Spanish lovers do.

He smiled, as he shut the door, without making any answer.

IV.

I was with Gallard punctually at eleven o’clock on the following day. I found his papers put up, his desk closed, and a *fiacre* waiting for us at the door. He received me with the abstracted air of a man whose thoughts are fixed on the future. He was busy collecting necessary instruments for the journey: an hygrometer, an aneroid barometer, and dry and wet bulb thermometers. The ballast, and the balloon itself, were already on the ground. As we stepped into the carriage Gallard threw open his bournouse, and drew from under it the engraved sword I had seen before, and a pair of pistols.

‘Why arms?’ I said, laughing, as the coach drove off. ‘Will the prince of the powers of the air attack us?’

'No,' said he, drily; 'but on two occasions, when I have been throwing out the grappling anchor, ignorant farmers have threatened to fire at me; and it is as well to go armed. Besides that, last year at Strasburgh, the country people were troublesome when we landed. I had to force them, sword in hand, *les singes*, to help to obtain the balloon. There are few countries, *mon cher*, where a sword is not useful for defence or attack; and besides, we may want it to let out the gas in case of the valve not working at a critical moment.'

I was satisfied, and I said so.

'I hope they won't put the ballast near any fire,' he said, after a long apparently thoughtful silence.

'Why, sand is not very inflammable, is it?' said I.

Gallard made no reply, but gave a sort of sardonic smile that I could not interpret.

As we approached the scene of the approaching ascent Gallard grew more and more silent; and wrapping himself up in his cloak, sat in one corner of the coach absorbed in thought. The streets leading to the gate were crowded with citizens and soldiers hastening to the place from whence the balloon was to ascend. Merchants' clerks, Tyrolese riflemen, Hungarian waggons—all classes were elbowing on, all bent on the same object, all eyes turned the same way, in every mouth the same subject.

'I shall never forget this day,' said I, my eyes glowing with excitement.

'You never will,' replied Gallard, gravely.

It was just as he uttered these words the coach drew up with a sudden jerk at the gate of the enclosure, where I could see the large balloon struggling and swaying to release itself from the ropes that bound it to the earth. Now, there is always, as travellers will remember, fastened in the inside of all the hackney-coaches of Vienna a small looking-glass, in a tawdry gilt frame. It serves, I suppose, to help the Viennese ladies to arrange their bonnets, the dandies to twist their moustachios. I was the first

to get out of the carriage; and as I passed the looking-glass I caught in it a pale glimpse of my friend Gallard's face: it wore a momentary expression of hideous mockery, which made me rather fear that the excitement of the moment was almost too much for his brain; but I said nothing, lest I might unnerve him.

A cheer ran round the arena, and handkerchiefs were waved, as we both entered the enclosure, bearing the national flags (white, with a black spread eagle) that our gatekeeper presented us with as we passed him. The preparations were already made: there were the tubs full of iron filings laid between straw, and on these had been poured vitriolic acid and water. These tubs, covered with others, were contained in strong casks, sunk in the ground; and through holes made in the top of these casks tin tubes were fitted, to which the silken tube of the balloon was fastened. The net was already adjusted, and the balloon being three-quarters full, the tin tubes were removed and the silken pipes tied up and coiled into the boat, which was now being fastened to the loop.

Gallard did not speak, but, giving a scoffing look at the populace, proceeded to examine the fittings of the balloon. He looked at the valve in the top part of the air-ship that was so soon to bear us starward, and several times pulled the string that fastened the brass-shutter padded with leather. He then tested the cords that suspended the car to the balloon by a hoop of cane, which had been sewn with leather.

It was a fine autumn afternoon, within half an hour of sunset, and a brisk wind blowing. The clouds over our head were fast turning to crimson and gold: into their glory we were about to ascend. I felt at once excited and awe-struck; but Gallard, imperturbable as ever, seemed entirely occupied in watching the bunches of men who held on to the four ropes that still retained the swaying balloon. At his word of command three of the ropes were suddenly let go, and the balloon, feeling itself freer, swung so as to almost touch the ground.

We each took a draught of Voss-laner wine, brought to us by one of the attendants, and then stepped into the car, in which the ballast, instruments, and weapons had now all been neatly packed away. As the signal gun bellowed forth, Gallard drew his sword and cut the last rope, and I fired a pistol as the balloon ascended steadily and majestically.

I instantly experienced that peculiar sensation as if some great force was pressing my feet upward, but I felt no pain in my ears; and the stillness and tranquillity of the air we traversed was delightful, and roused my imagination to the uttermost. A grim, composed, smile broke forth even on the corpse-like face of Gallard.

Vienna now lay beneath us, like a toy city. The barometer showed us to be only a mile and a half up, but it seemed to me already seven or eight miles. Everything now appeared on a plane; the highest buildings had no more apparent elevation than the mountains on a geological model. The country round Vienna lay beneath like a coloured map. There was St. Stephen's, no larger than a doll's house; palaces, barracks, shops, fountains, had all dwindled to little blocks, no larger than cheese-cakes. Even the park itself, and the vast rolling multitude we had left, appeared no larger than a green meadow in a picture.

The balloon, looking like a large golden bubble, had risen into the clouds that now hid it from the earth. A moment more and we pierced the cloud, and rose above it into a clearer and more radiant atmosphere. Now below us the detached fleeces, coalesced, and formed into what resembled a sea of white cotton; above they were smooth, close-packed, and level.

Beyond this were dense hills of thunder-clouds, of the colour of cannon smoke, which were moving slowly at irregular intervals. We could now see the shadow of the balloon passing over the ground and the nearer clouds, at first small as an egg, but gradually widening, and encircled with an iris halo.

We could still hear the 'cannon roaring farewell to us from below. We were now 10,000 feet above the earth; we were going fast before the wind, and had lost sight of the city. The atmosphere got rapidly colder, and a slight sifting of snow fell sprinkling around us.

'How do you like my air-ship, *mon ami*?' said Gallard, as he pulled his sword in and out of its sheath.

'Marvellous!' said I; 'it gives me a sense of a new power.'

'Just open that bag, and throw out eight or ten handfuls of sand.'

I stooped down, and was about to untie the string that fastened the mouth of the second sack, when Gallard leaped up, and caught my arm.

'Now, then—now, then, you foolish Englishman!' he cried; 'the nearest one—the nearest one!'

I looked round, rather angrily.

'You are rather hasty to-day, Monsieur Gallard,' I said.

'Pardon me,' he replied, rapidly recovering his serenity; 'I dislike the English race, but I like individuals of the species. We aeronauts are obliged to be particular. We must mount higher, and visit Aldebaran, and skirt the glittering domains of the jewel-girt Orion. More sand! throw out more sand, *mon ami*!'

I leant over the car, and baled out handful after handful of sand; thus lightened our air-ship rose higher and higher. We were a thousand feet higher. The temperature our instrument showed to be 30 degrees lower than on the ground we had quitted. Gallard, stooping behind me, untied the second bag—it was the black ballast.

A grunt, more like that of a beast than the voice of a man, made me look round, and pause in my task. It was from Gallard. He was standing up and cocking a pistol. His eyes burnt with rage. I dropt the bag of ballast, in my alarm, over the side of the car, and up we soared a mile higher than we had yet attained.

'Dog!' cried Gallard, 'beast! fool of an accursed Englishman! you are now at my mercy. I

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A STRUGGLE IN THE CLOUDS.

[See "My First and Last Balloon Ascent."



A YOUNG MAN IN THE FIELD.

Illustration by J. M. W. Turner.

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brought you up here only to destroy you. You have alienated from me the one woman I ever loved. I no longer care for life, money, or fame. You have made all worthless to me. In return I laid this trap for you. Here no one can hear your cries. Here I have death for you in a dozen shapes. I have these two pistols and a sword. This bag at my feet contains gunpowder—move an inch, I fire into it, and we shall be in the twinkling of an eye blown up to the moon. Two black pieces of flesh, and a red shrivel of silk will be all that will reach the earth. Choose your death—steel, lead, or fire!

'You must be raving mad, Mons. Gallard,' I said. 'I have ever been your friend. I never even spoke to Miss Pulvermacher until you had thrust her from you. I am no favoured suitor. I am ready again to yield my claims to yours. Do not stain your hands with blood. Reflect; this is a cruel, treacherous murder that you plan.'

'Bah!' roared Gallard; 'I have Syrian blood in my veins: with us revenge is a part of our religion. I have sworn to all the creatures of hell that both of us shall not again revisit the earth alive. Hound of an Englishman, die!'

As he said this, Gallard came closer, and deliberately aiming between my eyes, fired before I could seize his arm.

The hammer fell, but there was no report. Thanks to God's great goodness, he had by mistake seized the unloaded pistol.

He then seized the right one, and cocked it with a yell of fiendish rage. This time my death seemed certain, but before he could press the trigger I had beaten it from his hand with a weapon he had little expected—a heavy barometer, on which I had been making observations, and which rested beside me against the side of the car.

With a second blow, quick as lightning, I struck him senseless, and in an instant tossed overboard his sword and the fallen pistol. I then, by a sudden effort, lifted the bag of gunpowder, and threw it also over. I was now in some degree

safe, and I stooped over my fallen enemy to see what life remained in him. The moment I did so, Gallard leapt up, and I felt a fierce stab of a knife, which, but for my watch, had killed me on the spot. Gallard had recovered from the blow, but remained apparently insensible, while I turned my back in order that he might open his knife, and strike me the more unexpectedly and certainly.

This second act of deliberate treachery roused the wild beast within me. There was, I felt and saw, no safety for me but in the death of Gallard. Should one have mercy on snakes or wolves? I drew back, and before he could rise struck him again with the barometer, and repeated the blows till he became insensible. I then by an almost superhuman exertion lifted him to the edge of the car, and alid his body over, holding fast by the ropes to escape myself being thrown out by the swaying of the car.

I gave the insensible man one half-remorseful glance—and then the instinct of self-preservation came over me, and I launched him into the air. He fell—fell—fell—fell, and a horrible fascination compelled me to watch the body till, small as a beetle, it reached a white sea of cloud and smoke, and disappeared in that abyss.

I was saved, I knelt and thanked God for that deliverance. But how to steer the balloon, and bring it safely back to earth! I knew that to descend I must pull the valve, and let out the gas. I pulled the string, and the leather shutter opened. The gas escaped with a curious, groaning noise. But the balloon was now so light, that I still ascended, a strange drowsiness benumbed me, and I became insensible.

I pulled violently at the *souape*, or sucker, till I felt the balloon rapidly descending. Soon I began to see the now moonlit land spreading beneath me, white and glistening with hoar-frost. The wind blew fiercely, the balloon drove before it, and I got the anchor and cable ready to throw out.

Soon I could distinguish villages, trees, and broad fields of corn, mellow gold in the moonshine, and here and there on the lower ground brooding masses of smouldering fog. I was too anxious to feel afraid. I let out more gas, and I sank still lower.

Now for the anchor. I threw it from me, and let the rope run. It touched the ground, and dragged. The balloon sank till it struck the ground, from which it bounded like a huge india-rubber ball. Again it bounded, and drove slanting before the wind. I was dragged over fields and over underwood that tore my hands and my clothes, and also rent the balloon. I felt then I was in imminent danger, and prayed God to save my life.

Now at last the anchor took sure hold of an ash-tree in the centre of a hedge; but the balloon still swayed to and fro, and kept rebounding violently from the earth, rising some two hundred feet at each bound. Still, if the anchor held, I was safe, provided the wind lulled, if only for a moment. I was already bruised, sore, and faint, and had scarcely strength left for any longer struggle with death.

Suddenly, to my horror, the cable snapped like a thread, and again the balloon drove on before the wind, the loose torn silk now flapping like a rent sail; the wind howling savagely through it; the broken ropes flapping against the car, and lashing me like scourges. We flew over the fields, ponds, brooks, and plantations. I tried to cling to trees, but I was torn from them. Certain death seemed my sure doom, when for a moment the balloon moved slower, and touched the ground, just as I was over a corn field. With the quickness of light, I threw myself out of the car, head foremost, deep among the

rolling corn, and fell, bruised and stunned.

* * * *

When I came to my senses, I was lying in a nest of corn, the soft moonshine silvering my face. The 'Maria Theresa' had driven on, and was no longer in sight. I felt like one who awakes suddenly to escape a nightmare. I rubbed my limbs; none were broken. I fell on my knees, and again thanked God for this second deliverance from what seemed almost certain death.

A rapid walk of an hour in the direction of a twinkling light brought me to a pleasant cottage. I looked at my watch; it was just thirteen minutes past ten o'clock. It was nearly sunset when we started—more than four hours ago. I was kindly welcomed by the peasant, and in the morning (for I had alighted near Pesth) took the steamer for Vienna.

Already tidings of the discovery of the crushed body of Gallard, and of the torn balloon, thirty miles further on, had reached my friends. I had been given up for lost, and gossip had chatted her requiem a dozen times over my grave.

I had deceived myself about Miss Pulvermacher, as lovers are not unapt to do. She had never really loved me. Her apparent partiality had only been intended to rouse the jealousy of her angry lover. I saw her no more; she refused all visitors, and soon after took the vows at the great nunnery at Ratisbon, much to the grief of her poor old father.

My letters arrived soon after from England; and I had to hasten to Sulina, and there plunge into plans for steam dredgers, and other professional detail. I never before have disclosed to any one how Gallard really came by his death. This however is a true narrative of my first and last balloon ascent.

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OUR MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN LADY, QUEEN VICTORIA.

"Drop thou the thorns, true wife! and lift the flowers."

[See the Poem, "Victoria"]

Drawn (by her Majesty's permission) by Edward H. Corbould.—Copyright reserved.

LONDON SOCIETY.

APRIL 1866

GOING TO THE PLAY.



* A T eleven o'clock, then, Maria Cavendish, just off in the morning
coat.

* St. Michael, & some better than David. Michael, indeed, is a very
handsome.

How could we help believing a third person in the same way?

With lightened hearts Emma and I—indeed, rather surprised.
Vol. III.—No. 19.

TORIA.

on, "Victoria"